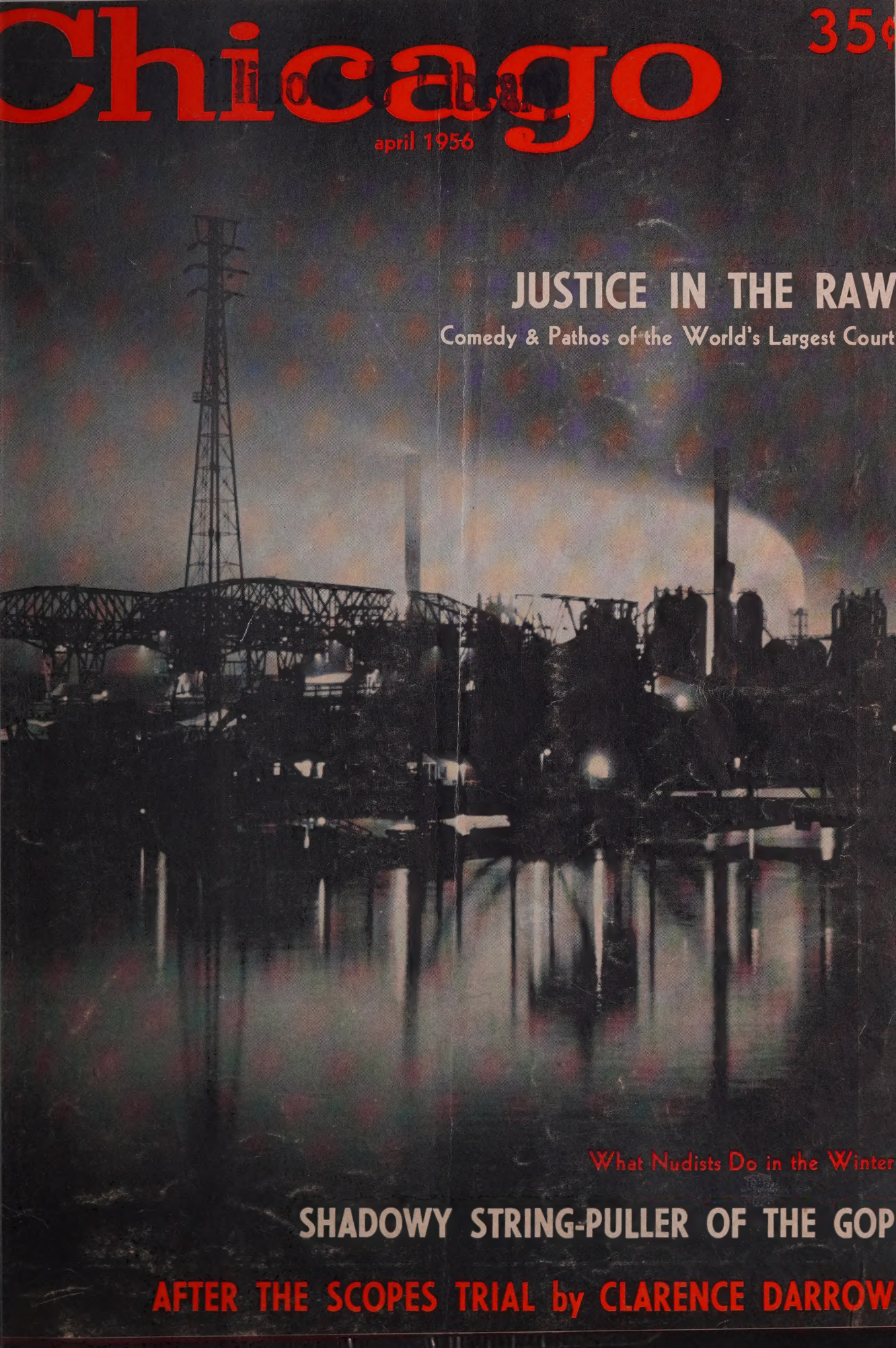


Chicago



april 1956

35¢

JUSTICE IN THE RAW

Comedy & Pathos of the World's Largest Court

What Nudists Do in the Winter

SHADOWY STRING-PULLER OF THE GOP

AFTER THE SCOPES TRIAL by CLARENCE DARROW

"Take my harem . . .
Just give me a drink
made with
FLEISCHMANN'S BOND"



"And . . . Oh, Master . . .
Fleischmann's Bond
is 6 YEARS OLD
. . . to make every
drink more delicious
than ever!"

**KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY**
BOTTLED IN BOND . . . 100 PROOF
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP.,
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY



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Contributing Editors
Jeanne Phillips, Mason Warner

Contributing Photographers
*Don Bronstein, Harry Callahan,
Russell V. Hamm, William Miller*

Consultant on Management
Charles L. Allen

Sales Staff
John Gardzie, Robert Glaser

Advertising Representatives
New York:
*John B. English,
39 Fifth avenue,
GRamercy 7-3550*

Detroit:
*Vincent Purcell,
317 Stephenson bldg.,
TRinity 5-7978*

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No portrait gallery of the period would have been complete without Carter Henry Harrison Sr. (1825-1893), shown here inaugurating the first World's Fair on May 1, 1893.

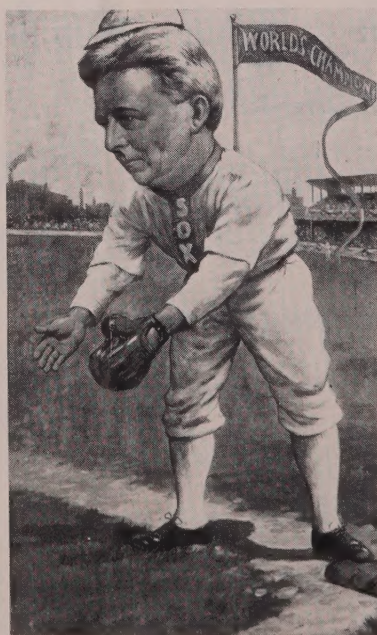
Faces on the Barroom Wall

A variety of features have given this city national repute; in the last quarter of the 19th century, one minor attraction was the saloon and restaurant of Chapin and Gore. This establishment, which stood on the present site of the Shubert theater, was admired not only as a fine place in which to sluice and browse, but also for the absence of women from its tables and the presence on its walls of 50 flamboyant caricatures of notables of the time. Chapin & Gore survives as a whisky label, but the saloon-restaurant closed in 1904; its last owner, Charles H. Hermann, in 1930 gave the collection of caricatures to the Chicago Historical Society; which has had them in storage until recently, when they were dusted off and hung on exhibit. Of those shown on these pages, the ones of Kaiser Wilhelm, Senator Logan and Dr. Mary Walker are by Theodore Wust of New York; William Schmedtjen of this city produced the other five, all of local notables.

Photographs courtesy Chicago Historical Society



If the last Kaiser frequented Chapin & Gore's, his incognito was never violated. Box on which he is sitting, stamped "Chicago," may have contained whisky.



When this caricature was made, Charles Comiskey, grandfather of the present boss of the White Sox, filled that role himself (1900-31).



Why George Ade (1866-1944), whose *Fables In Slang* were a high point in American humor, wears a skirt in this caricature is unexplained.

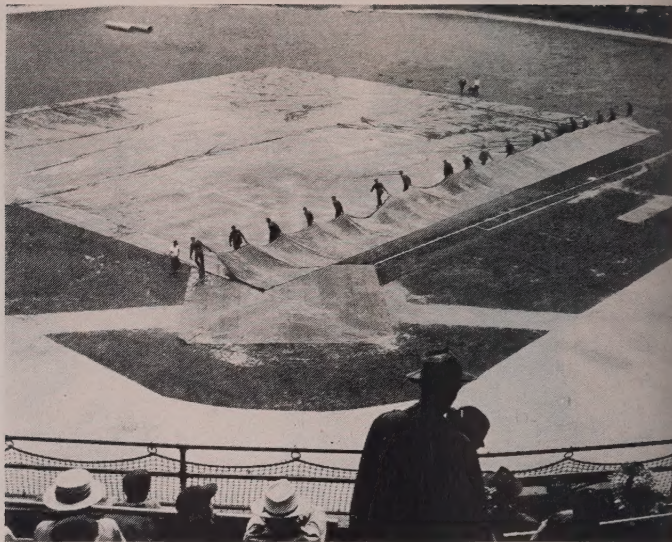


Probably the two most rococo figures ever to proceed from the Illinois prairie to the Senate of the United States are (left) John Alexander Logan and his illustrious successor, James Hamilton Lewis. Senator Logan first got to the Senate after having founded Memorial Day in 1868. Senator Lewis last held office during the thirties, is best remembered for a prophetic word of consolation he offered an awed newcomer in the Senate named Harry S. Truman: "You'll spend your first six months wondering how you ever got here," he told the future president, "and the rest of your term wondering how the other senators got here."

It is necessary to qualify the claim that no woman entered Chapin & Gore's. Dr. Mary Edwards Walker (1832-1919), one of the most eccentric and otherwise remarkable figures of her time, was present in the form of this painting. Dr. Walker was one of the first women in history to become a physician, which she did in 1855 at the age of 23. Unable to practice at first, she served for three years in the Civil War as a Union nurse; then, briefly, as a spy; and in October, 1864 was commissioned a surgeon. A public transvestite all her adult life, Dr. Walker donned trousers before entering medical school. As an army surgeon, she wore a male officer's uniform with a blouse-like jacket. Afterwards, one of the first woman journalists (in New York) and a practicing M.D. (in Washington), Dr. Walker always dressed in men's formal clothes, but wore her hair in curls "so that everybody would know I was a woman." Dr. Walker, who was called "a self-made man" by Bill Nye, founded a colony for women only, called "Adamless Eden" in 1897. She also benefited posterity by two inventions: the inside neckband on men's shirts, which protects the skin from collar buttons, and the return postcard for registered mail.



WHAT ↓ GOES ON HERE



listing of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

Inherit the Wind, Blackstone, 60 e. Balbo (CE 6-8240). Darwin, the Bible and the newspapers in this serious drama based on the 1925 Scopes trial, with complex staging and a cast that includes Melvyn Douglas, James Westerfield, William Woodson and many local actors in the supporting roles. Nightly 8:30, except Sun., 7; mat. Wed. & Sat, 2:30.

Teahouse of the August Moon, Erlanger, 127 n. Clark (ST 2-2459). Burgess Meredith and Hugh Reilly remain in the cast of this long-run show about democracy and Okinawa. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat, 2:30.

Pajama Game, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). A hearty musical with a hearty run. Fran Warren, Larry Douglas and Buster West star. Nightly 8:30, except Sun., 7; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Cinerama Holiday, Eitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph (AN 3-0055). The second of the wide-screened extravaganzas runs on, filling houses and parking lots. Nightly, Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10; Sat., 7:30 & 10:30. Mat., Mon., Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun. 2 & 5.

university

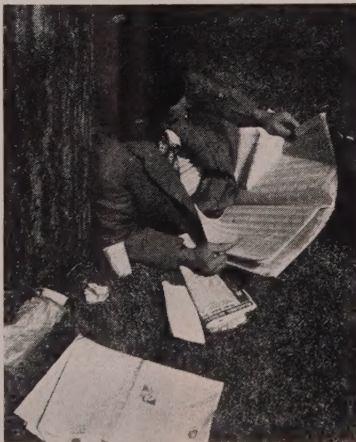
Northwestern university, Speech building, Evanston campus (UN 4-1907 ext. 282). "The White Devil" by Webster. April 27, 28 and 29, 8:30 p.m.

University of Chicago, Reynolds Club theater, 57th and University (MI 3-0800 ext. 1062). August Strindberg's "The Ghost Sonata." April 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29, 8:30 p.m.

MUSIC

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). Thu. & Sat., 8:15 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 2 p.m. Fritz Reiner, cond. **April: 5** (Thu.) & **6** (Fri.), John Weicher, violin, soloist; Violin Concerto, Beethoven; remainder of program to be announced. **7** (Sat.), program to be announced. **12** (Thu.) & **13** (Fri.), Inge Borkh, soprano, Frances Yeend, soprano, Martha Lipton, contralto, Julius Patzak, tenor, Paul Schoeffler, baritone, soloists: "Elektra," Richard Strauss. These are the final concerts of the season.

Allied Arts concerts, Orchestra hall (FR 2-0566). Unsubscribed series tickets on general sale three weeks before concerts. **April: 1**, 3:30 p.m., Andres Segovia,



guitar; **8**, 3:30 p.m., Wilhelm Backhaus, piano; **14**, 8:30 p.m., Mozarteum orchestra; **15**, 3:30 p.m., Minneapolis Symphony orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond., Tossy Spivakovsky, violin, soloist; **21**, 8:30 p.m., Camilla Williams, soprano, Todd Duncan, baritone; **29**, 3:30 p.m., Rudolf Firkusny, piano.

Augustana choir, Orchestra hall (HA 7-0363). April 16, 8:15 p.m.

Jeanne Bamberger, piano, Mandel hall, 57th and University (MI 3-0800). April 20, 8:30 p.m.

Owen Berger, piano, Fullerton hall, Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (HA 7-7595). April 24, 8:20 p.m.

Robert Caine, organ, St. Peter's church, 110 w. Madison (HA 7-7595). April 15, 4:30 p.m. **Collegiate Sinfonietta**, Fullerton hall (SO 8-2680). Joseph Fischer, violin, Northwestern university Chamber singers, soloists; April 15, 8 p.m.

Chamber Music society, Northwestern university, Lutkin hall, University place at Orrington ave., Evanston (UN 4-1907). April 10, 8:15 p.m.

Anita Dorfman, piano, Mandel hall (MI 3-0800). April 13, 8:30 p.m.

Andrew Foldi, bass, assisted by **Robert Lodine**, piano, Mandel hall (MI 3-0800). April 27, 8:30 p.m.

Porter Heaps, organ, Fullerton hall (CE 6-7080). April 19, 8 p.m.

Margaret Johnson, contralto, and **Charlotte Bergeson**, piano, Fullerton hall (HA 7-7595). April 10, 8:20 p.m.

Louis Kohnop, piano, Roosevelt university, 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). April 13, 8:15 p.m.

Dorothy Lane, harpsichord, Lutkin hall,

Evanson (UN 4-1907). April 24, 8:15 p.m.
yon-Healy Young Artists recital series.
 yon-Healy Concert hall, 64 e. Jackson
 WA 2-7900). **April: 2,** Benjamin Williams,
 baritone, Edith Martin, piano; **9,** William J.
 feyen, tenor. 8 p.m.

Northwestern university A Cappella choir.
 William Ballard, cond., Lutkin hall, Evans-
 on (UN 4-1907). April 8, 4 p.m.

Northwestern university Chamber band.
 John Paynter, cond., Technological Institute
 aud., Sheridan rd. at Noyes, Evanson (UN
 4-1907). April 5, 8:15 p.m.

Northwestern university Chamber orches-
tra. Anthony Donato, cond., Lutkin hall,
 Evanson (UN 4-1907). April 17, 8:15 p.m.

Northwestern university Combined Glee
clubs. Technological Institute aud., Evans-
 ton (UN 4-1907). April 22, 4 p.m.

Jean Ritchie, accompanying herself on dul-
 cimer. Mandel hall, 57th and University
 (MI 3-0800). A program of Kentucky moun-
 tain folk songs. April 14, 8:30 p.m.

Bill Russo, trombone, and orchestra. Man-
 del hall (MI 3-0800). A program of sym-
 phonic jazz. April 15, 8:15 p.m.

John Toms, tenor, and Harold Van Horne,
 piano, Lutkin hall, Evanson (UN 4-1907).
 April 15, 4 p.m.

Cara Verson, piano, Goodman Memorial
 theater, Monroe at Columbus dr. (HA
 7-7595). April 4, 8:20 p.m.

Hans Wurman and Katherine Glaser, duo-
pianos. Fullerton hall (CE 6-7080). April 23,
 8:20 p.m.

DANCE

New York City ballet. Opera house, 20 n.
 Wacker (FI 6-0270). April 3 through 15,
 Tue.-Sun., 8:30 p.m.; mat. Sat. & Sun., 2:30.

OPERA

Hull house Opera Workshop. Hull house,
 800 s. Halsted (MO 6-6005). Verdi's "La
 Traviata," April 21 and 22, 8 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Ice Capades of 1956. Chicago stadium, 1800
 Madison (SE 3-5300). April 5 through 15,
 nightly, 8:30 p.m.; mat. Sat., 2, Sun., 2 & 6.
7th Annual World series basketball. Chi-
 cago stadium (SE 3-5300). Harlem Globe-
 Trotters vs. College All-Stars. April 16 and
 17, 8:30 p.m.

Modern Living Home and Garden Show.
 Int'l amphitheater, 43rd & Halsted (YA
 7-5580). April 7 through 15, 10 a.m. to 10
 p.m.

Spring and Easter Flower show. Lincoln
 park (Fullerton and Stockton) and Garfield
 park (300 n. Central Park) conservatories
 (HA-7-5252). Through April 8, 9 a.m. to 9
 p.m. Free.

Int'l Kennel Club Dog show. Int'l amphi-
 theater (YA 7-5580). April 1, 9 a.m. to
 11 p.m.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute. Michigan at Adams (CE
 6-7080). **Continuing:** through April 12, 59th
 annual exhibition by artists of Chicago and
 vicinity, east wing galleries. Through April,
 "New Generation in Europe," paintings,
 drawings and watercolors from the Insti-
 tute's collection, gallery of art interpreta-
 tion. Through April, photographs by Arnold
 Genthe, gallery 5, main floor. **Indefinite:**
 etchings and lithographs by Matisse, Cha-

gall, Rouault and others from the collection
 of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Shapiro, gallery
 11; drawings and prints by Picasso, Klee,
 Matisse, Moore, Sutherland, Ensor, Kirchner,
 Miro and Braque from the Curt Valentin be-
 quest to the Institute, galleries 13 and 16.
Permanent: Thorne miniature rooms, 67
 American and European miniature rooms,
 gallery A-12. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.;
 Sun. & hol., noon to 5 p.m. Free, Wed., Sat.,
 Sun. & hol., except for a few special
 exhibits.

Frances Barker, watercolors, and Rudy
Seno, sculpture. Through April, Riccardo
 restaurant and gallery, 437 Rush (SU
 7-2874). Mon.-Fri., 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m.;
 Sat. until 3 a.m.; Sun., 5:30 p.m. to 2 a.m.

Albert Bloch, paintings. Through April 7,
 Renaissance Society, University of Chicago,
 1010 e. 58th (MI 3-0800 ext. 1218). Mon.-Fri.,
 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat., 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Arnold Boskowsky, sculpture, and Robert
Krieg, Ray London, paintings and drawings.
 Through April, Delta gallery, 1020 Art
 Center, 1020 Lake Shore dr. (DE 7-4870).
 Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Jon Corbino, paintings. Through April,
 Frank J. Oehlschlaeger gallery, 107 e. Oak
 (SU 7-6779). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Jerome Gould, printing and design.
 Through April 17, S.T.A.-Normandy house
 gallery, 800 n. Michigan (MI 2-3141). Daily,
 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Frank Kleinholz, paintings. Through April
 20, Palmer house galleries, Shop 301, 119
 s. State (FR 2-0790). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to
 6 p.m.

Mies van der Rohe, architecture. Through
 April 14, Institute of Design, Illinois Insti-
 tute of Technology, Architecture-Design
 building, 10 w. 34th (CA 5-9600). Mon.-Sat.,
 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Joseph Solman, paintings. Through April 15,
 Main Street Book store gallery, 642 n. Michi-
 gan (SU 7-6600). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.;
 Sat. until 6 p.m.

group shows

Artists of the West and Midwest. Through
 April, Chicago galleries association, 30
 s. Michigan (CE 6-9646). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to
 5 p.m.; Sat. until 4 p.m.

Allan Frumkin gallery group show. Through
 April, Allan Frumkin gallery, 152 e. Su-
 perior (SU 7-0564). Mon.-Sat., 9:30 a.m. to
 5:30 p.m.

19th Century English painters. Works by
 Leader, Debreanski, Soulaire and others,
 and **20th Century French painters,** with
 works by Graw-Sala, Kontny, Orlando and
 others. Through April, Marshall Field gal-
 leries, south Wabash room, 2nd floor, 111
 n. State (ST 1-1000, ext. 2213). Mon.-Sat.,
 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

North Shore Art guild members exhibition.
 Through April, Swiss Chalet galleries, Bis-
 mark hotel, 171 w. Randolph (CE 6-0123).
 Daily, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Polish Arts club. Through April, Todros
 Geller gallery, Board of Jewish Education,
 72 e. 11th (HA 7-5570). Sun.-Thu., 11 a.m.
 to 10 p.m.; Fri., 11 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.; Sat.,
 6 to 10 p.m.

Professional members of Arts club. Through
 April, Arts club of Chicago, 109 e. Ontario
 (SU 7-3997). Mon.-Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Suburban artists exhibition. Works by Neil
 Barrett; Elizabeth Engelhard, Gerda and
 Frank Riley and Elle Tobin. Through April,

Mandel Brothers galleries, 8th floor, 1 n.
 State (ST 2-1500, ext. 892). Mon. and Thu.,
 9:15 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.; other weekdays until
 5:45 p.m.

LECTURES

Art Institute. Michigan at Adams (CE
 6-7080). **Art Through Travel:** "Wonderful
 Copenhagen," Addis Osborne, **April 1:**
 "Paris Forever," Dr. Dudley Crafts Watson,
April 8 and 15: "Incomparable Venice,"
 Dr. Watson, **April 22,** Fullerton hall, 2:30 &
 4 p.m. **Gallery talks:** "For Whom They
 Posed: A Series on the Portrait," "Expres-
 sionist and Other Recent Approaches to the
 Portrait," Whitney Halstead, **April 3,** gal-
 lery 38, 11 a.m.

Chicago Natural History museum. Field and
 Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Adult lecture
 and film series, Sat., 2:30 p.m., Simpson
 theater. **April: 7,** "The Challenge of Ever-
 est," Norman G. Dyhrenfurth; **14,** "Saga of
 the Swamplands," Earl L. Hilfiker; **21,**
 "Penguin Summer," Olin S. Pettingill jr.;
28, "Blizzards to Blossoms," William Par-
 sons.



Illinois Audubon society. James Simpson
 theater, Chicago Natural History museum
 (WA 2-9410). "Rhapsody in Bluegrass,"
 Walter H. Shackleton. **April 22,** 2:30 p.m.
North Shore Country Day school. 310 Green
 Bay rd., Winnetka (WI 6-0674). "It Gives
 Me Great Pleasure," Emily Kimbrough.
April 4, 8:15 p.m. **Northwestern university.**
 Evanston campus (UN 4-1907). **Harris series:**
 "American Nationalism," Hans Kohn, **April**
2, 3, 5 and 6, Fisk auditorium, 8 p.m. **Mars**
series: "Christianity," George A. Buttrick,
 April 10 and 11, Technological Institute
 auditorium, 8:15 p.m. **Solomon Goldman se-**
ries: "The Dead Sea Scrolls and Biblical
 Studies," **April 25:** "The Dead Sea Scrolls
 and Early Christianity," **April 26:** Frank M.
 Cross. Fisk auditorium, 8 p.m. All three
 series free. **University of Chicago.** (MI
 3-0800). **Charles R. Walgreen series:** "The
 Labor of Man's Body and the Work of his
 Hands," Hannah Arendt, **April 9, 11, 13, 16,**
18 and 20: "The American Presidency:
 1956," Clinton Rossiter. Social Science Re-
 search building, 1126 e. 59th, 4:30 p.m.
 Free.

Architecture in Chicago

Chicago's contribution to world architecture will be described in an 8-lecture series during the Spring Quarter at University College, The University of Chicago.

Earl H. Reed opens the series April 5 and on succeeding Thursday evenings the lecturers will be *William F. Keknatek, Alfred Shaw, D. Coder Taylor, Richard M. Bennett, Winston Elting,* and *George Fred Keck.*

This is one of the informal programs offered in the Spring Quarter, March 26-June 9. *Alfred C. Kinsey* will open the series on "Are American Sex Patterns Changing?". April 4, "Design in Scandinavia", co-sponsored by American Scandinavian Foundation, precedes the Spring Exhibition at the Art Institute.



Send for the complete Spring Announcements describing 239 credit courses, workshops and seminars.

Registration for these informal courses may be made now in person or by mail.

University College
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
19 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 3
DEarborn 2-7245

MUSEUMS

Adler planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). April show: "Our Sun." Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.; Tue. and Fri., 8 p.m.; Sun., 2 and 3:30 p.m. Museum hours: daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Tue. & Fri., to 9 p.m. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

Chicago Academy of Sciences, 2001 n. Clark (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Chicago Historical society, Clark and North (MI 2-4500). In celebration of the Society's centennial, special exhibits of Chicago in 1856 will be on display in the portrait gallery, costume gallery, manuscript room and throughout the building, from April 24th. Continuing: Caricature paintings of famous late 19th-century personages. Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

Dearborn observatory, Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to the public every clear Fri., 7:30 to 9 p.m.

George F. Harding museum, 4853 Lake Park (KE 6-0080). Medieval armor, arms and art. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat.

Museum of Science and Industry, 57th and Lake Park (MU 4-1414). Of special interest in April is the Naval Research exhibit on weather conditions and forecasting. Other displays from submarines to airplanes. Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. Free.

Chicago Natural History museum, Field and Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, botany, geology and zoology. 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

Oriental Institute, University of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Historical treasures in art and culture of ancient Near East countries. Tue.-Wed., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Thu.-Sun., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd Aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of fish, from sharks to seahorses with an occasional lamprey. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

TELEVISION extravaganzas

Producers Showcase (7 p.m. Mon. April 2 and 30, channel 5). Top level presentations in color.

Ford Star Jubilee (8:30 p.m. Sat. April 7, channel 2). Orson Welles and Betty Grable in the Hecht-MacArthur comedy "Twentieth Century," produced by Arthur Schwartz. In color.

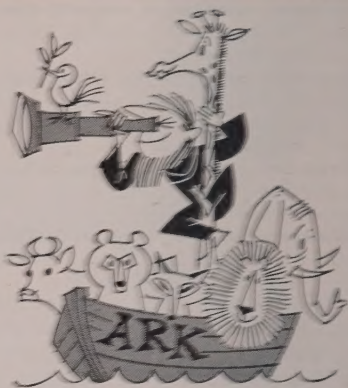
Max Liebman Presents (8 p.m. Sat. April 14, channel 5). "I Married an Angel," with Alfred Drake and Doretta Morrow. In color.

Color Spread (8:30 p.m. Sun. April 22, channel 5). Musical variety, in color.

drama

Hour long dramatic series: Alcoa-Goodyear Playhouse (8 p.m. Sun., channel 5). Robert Montgomery Theater (8:30 p.m. Mon., channel 5). Studio One (9 p.m. Mon., channel 2). Playwrights 56-Circle Theater (8:30 p.m. Tue., channel 5). Steel Hour-20th Century-Fox Hour (9 p.m. Wed., channel 2). Front Row Center (3 p.m. Sun., channel 2). Matinee Theater (2 p.m. weekdays in color, channel 5).

TRAVEL QUIZ (FOR APRIL)



Landing place of Noah's ark was in:

☐ Turkey ☐ Palestine ☐ Iran

Tradition says Noah landed on Mt. Ararat in what is now Turkey. Noah, with most of his funds tied up in livestock, didn't carry First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks. But today's wise rovers do, knowing they can cash them anywhere in the world.

Geographic center of the U. S. is in:

☐ Nebraska ☐ Kansas
☐ Missouri

To see the center of the nation, you travel to a point near Lebanon, Kansas. And if you want convenience on the way, you carry First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks. Each denomination (\$10, \$20, \$50, \$100) is a different color to prevent confusion.

The world's smallest nation is:

☐ Monaco ☐ Vatican City
☐ Switzerland

The smallest nation is Vatican City, with Monaco a close second. When touring small nations or large, you'll feel safer carrying The First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks. Only you can cash them. Prompt refund if lost or stolen. Ask for them at your bank.

The First National Bank of Chicago

Travelers Checks

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comedy-variety-music

Omnibus (4 p.m. Sun., channel 2). Culture, learning, and adventure, with a shenanigan or two.

Zoo Parade (2:30 p.m. Sun., channel 5). Animals and habitats, with an occasional color film report from Africa, with Marlin Perkins.

Famous Film Festival (6:30 p.m. Sun., channel 7). British movies of high repute.

Ed Sullivan Show (7 p.m. Sun., channel 2). Ed Sullivan's variety showcase.

Jack Benny Show (6:30 p.m. alt. Sun., channel 2). The master comic unfurls a few old wrinkles.

Disneyland (6:30 p.m. Wed., channel 7). The best possible use for historic cartoons.

Chicago Symphony (8 p.m. Wed., channel 9). Great music made watchable.

Person to Person (9:30 p.m. Fri., channel 2). Headliners at home.

Fifth Army Show (7 p.m. alt. Sat., channel 9). Our musical army.

George Gobel Show (9 p.m. Sat., channel 2). A second happy season for a man in the mood.

documentary-discussion

This Is the Midwest (2:30 p.m. Sun., channel 2). Corn-belt industrial stories, with Fahey Flynn.

Wide Wide World (3 p.m. Sun., April 1, 15, and 29, channel 5). TV's massive remote resources introduce the 48 to each other, with Dave Garroway as greeter.

Medical Horizons (9:30 p.m. Mon., channel 7). Research centers tell their stories first hand through live pickups.

Remember (10 p.m. Mon., channel 7). Norman Ross and film clips re-create yesterday.

Northwestern Reviewing Stand (7 p.m. alt. Sat., channel 9). Agile thinkers explore topics of our time.

for children

Captain Kangaroo (8 a.m. week days, channel 2). A jolly old fellow empties his marvelous pockets.

Romper room (11 a.m. week days, channel 9). Kindergarten goes on camera.

Mickey Mouse club (5 p.m. week days, channel 7). Newsreels, cartoons, stories, and songs.

sports

Baseball (afternoons, channel 9). Starting April 14, all home daytime games of the Cubs and White Sox, with Jack Brickhouse.

channel 11

Shows for youngsters in three sizes: Friendly Giant (6:30 p.m. M-W-F), Totem Club (4:30 p.m. week days), and Of Teen Interest (7 p.m. Tue.).

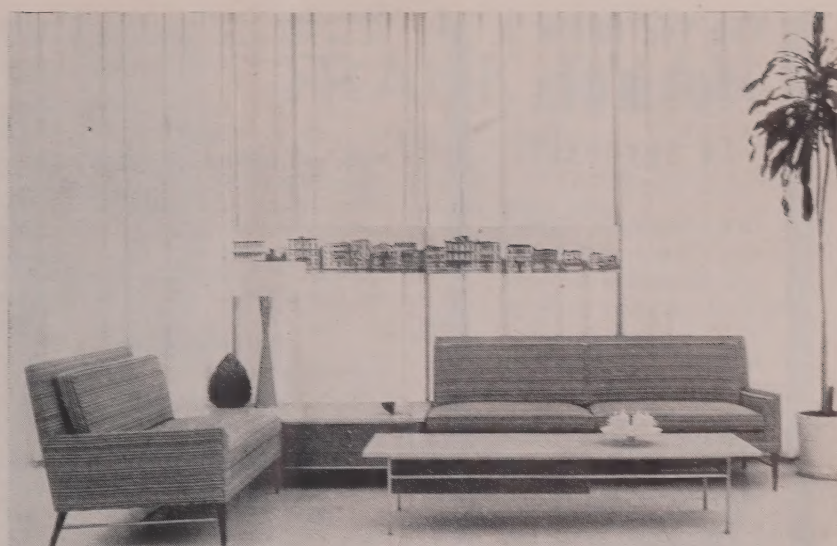
Art, music, literature: People Who Posed (9:30 p.m. Tue.), Art and Artists (9 p.m. Thu.), and The Humanities (9:30 p.m. Thu.). Life with Baby (8 p.m. Tue.). For growing parents.

All About Money (8 p.m. Thu.). Saving, investments, taxes.

SPORTS

baseball

Cubs, Wrigley field, Clark and Addison (BU 1-5050). **April: 20, 21 & 22** (double-header) Cincinnati; **24**, Milwaukee. 1:30 p.m.



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White Sox. Comiskey park, 35th and Shields (WA 4-1000). **April: 17 & 18,** Cleveland; **27, 28 & 29** (doubleheader) Kansas City. 1:30 p.m.

golf

Public golf courses operated by the park district (HA 7-5252) in Lincoln (Waveland), Jackson, Columbus and Marquette parks, and by the county forest preserve district (CO 1-8400)—Caldwell, Edgebrook, Indian Boundary, Northwestern, Burnham Woods and Pipe O' Peace—open April 15.

harness racing

Maywood park. Fifth and North, Melrose Park (MA 6-4816). Racing every night except Sun. from April 2. Post time, 8:30 p.m.

thoroughbred racing

Sportsman's park, 3301 Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1121). National Jockey club meet opens April 23. Races every afternoon except Sun. Post time, 2 p.m.

FOR THE CHILDREN

theater

Children's Theater of Evanston, Haven school, Prairie at Lincoln, Evanston (UN 4-3734). "The Boy Knight of Reims" by Eloise Lowensbery. For elementary and intermediate school children. April 28, 10 a.m. & 2:30 p.m.

Goodman Memorial Children's theater, Monroe at Columbus dr. (CE 6-2237). "Davy Crockett and His Coonskin Cap." Through April, every Sat. 2:30 p.m.; Sun., 3 p.m.

Jack and Jill players, Jack and Jill theater, Crown building, 218 s. Wabash (WA 2-0317). "The Elves and the Shoemaker." Through April, every Sat., 4 p.m.

music

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0362). **Young People's concerts.** George Schick, cond., Tues., 3 p.m. **April 3** (series A) & **10** (series B). Theme: "Music to Remember," George A. Kuyper, narrator, Nancy Dussalt, alto, and the combined choruses of Alvernia and Weber high schools, soloists. Overture to "Russian and Ludmilla," Glinka; "Goli-wog's Cakewalk," Debussy; Symphonic movement, Pacific 231, Honegger; "Se-quidilla," from "Carmen," Bizet; "A Bugler's Holiday," Anderson; Polovetzian Dances from "Prince Igor," Borodin.

museums

Chicago Natural History museum, Roosevelt rd. and Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). Free movies and a special puppet show for children. Sat., 10:30 a.m., James Simpson theater. **Movies: April 7,** "In the Circus Arena," a screen tour of the Big Top with close-up views of exciting acts and animals; **April 14,** "The Little House by the Creek," a Thoreau-like perspective of Mother Nature's children; **April 21,** "Wild Animals in India," animals exotic and wild. **Puppets: April 28,** "The Amazing Voyage of Nicky Noodle," a puppet stage production by the Coleman puppets of Maywood.

Chicago Historical society, Clark and North (MI 2-4600). During April the Society celebrates its centennial with children's ac-

tivities emphasizing the character of the city in 1856. **Museum mornings:** Sat., 10 a.m. **April 14 & 21,** "The Meeting Place of the Nation" and film, "Planning the Museum Trip," plus cartoon. **Weekday assemblies:** Wed., 10 a.m., for teachers and their classes. **April 11,** "Manifest Destiny," and color film, "This is Chicago." **April 18,** "The Chicago Historical society: 1856-1956," and films, "Planning the Museum Trip" and "Mathew Brady, Photographer of an Era." **Museum of Science and Industry,** 57th and Lake Park (MU 4-1414). Of special interest is Swift and Company's "Food for Life" exhibit which includes a see-through incubator in which children may watch chicks hatch out during the day. The Gardner doll room has a collection of 500 historic and unusual dolls and doll furniture, and a visit to the coal mine via dark elevator is always an adventure. Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. Free.

libraries

Chicago Public Library, Randolph and Michigan (CE 6-5821). **The Children's hour,** one-hour Saturday programs exploring the world through films, recordings, story-telling and the imagination. **April 7,** "Hans Christian Andersen's Birthday," "The Emperor's New Clothes" and "What the Good Man Does is Sure to Be Right"; **14,** "Down, Down the Mountain," "How Bazo the Button Buster Busted All His Buttons," and "One String Fiddle"; **21,** "Little Lost Lamb" and "Now, Miguel." 2:15 p.m. Free tickets are available one week in advance in the Thomas Hughes room.

parks



fishing

Small children can catch small fish, from sunrise to dark, in park district lagoons from April 1. Fishing is permitted from banks of lagoons, but not from boats, piers or bridges. Bait is recommended but not required. Lagoons are in the following parks: Jackson, Washington, Sherman, Columbus, Douglas, Garfield, Humboldt, Marquette, McKinley and Lincoln. Children under 16 need no license.

marbles

City-wide championships for midgits (11

and younger) and juniors (12 to 14). **April 8**, 10:30 a.m., Douglas park play field, 19th and Albany.

chess

City-wide championships for boys and girls 8 and younger. **April 27**, 7:45 p.m., Garfield park, 100 n. Central Park.

volleyball

City-wide championships for boys 14 and younger. **April 14**, 1:30 p.m., Altgeld park, 15 s. Washtenaw.

tennis schools

All parks with facilities conduct tennis schools for beginners from April through July. For hours, dates, age classifications and nearest location consult the main office of the park district (HA 7-5252).

NIGHT LIFE

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). Owner Jean Fardulli has been in the Caribbean this past month gathering talent and visas or a new troupe of calypso singers and dancers who will arrive for the April show. 7 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30, midnight & 1 a.m. Food a la carte.

Boulevard room, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 N. Michigan (WA 2-4400). Jerry Bergman and Mimi, pantomimists, continue in the ice show "Icearama," as do skaters Helga Neff, Peter Voss, Shirley Linde, Michael Meehan (contortionist), Dave Park (unicyclist), Boy Joy, The Boulevard-Dears and The Boulevardons. Music is by Frankie Masters and orchestra. Open from 6:30 p.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun. mat., 4 p.m. Dinner from \$3.25, \$2 cover.

The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, State and Goethe (SU 7-7200). Quiet and aloof, with dancing to restrained Afro-Cuban music by Romeo and orchestra. Noon to 2 a.m.; dancing from 9. Flaming sword dinner \$5.50-\$9.50; other food a la carte. \$3 min. Fri. & Sat.

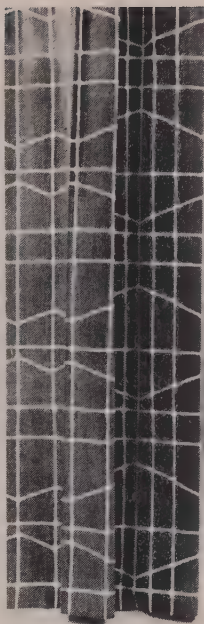
Camellia house, Drake hotel, Lake Shore and Michigan (SU 7-2200). French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's music. Noon to 3 p.m., 3 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch \$1.75-\$2.50; dinner \$5-\$7.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). Tony Martin carries on through April 15. 3 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30 and midnight; late shows Fri. & Sat., 2 a.m. Dinner \$3.50-\$4.75; \$5.50 special includes cover and minimum, 7-course dinner, after-dinner liqueur, show, dancing and Jack Eigen.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph and Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining is western style; music is by Frank York, who plays a fiddle and orchestra. Noon to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch \$1.65-\$1.95; dinner \$4.50-\$7.

Compass, at the Dock, 5743 Lake Park (FA 4-2800). Ad lib drama on topical scenarios is done by quick-witted entertainers. Regular shows are followed by improvisations on stories suggested by the audience. Shows at 8:30 weeknights; 9:15 weekends. Folk singing on Tues. Open until 2 a.m. \$1.50 min. Fri., Sat. & Sun. Closed Mon.

Empire room, Palmer house, State and Monroe (RA 6-7500). Jose Greco and his Spanish troupe of dancers remain until April 18 and are followed by French chanteuse, Pata-



April
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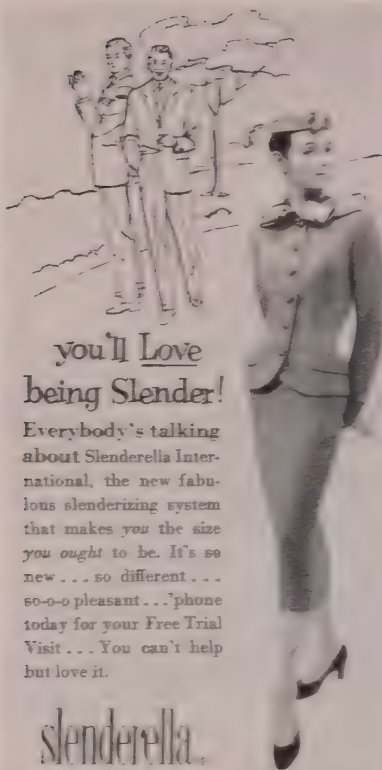
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The Beehive... (text is small and partially illegible)

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WHAT IS NAPOLEON'S FAVORITE CHICAGO RESTAURANT?



Were Napoleon to visit Chicago today, he would find the cuisine exactly to his taste at the new Cafe Bonaparte of the Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel. For today, the Cafe Bonaparte proudly serves the dishes perfected and immortalized by the great Carême, the most illustrious chef in the nineteenth century. Here are the culinary masterpieces that brought Carême fame as chef to Napoleon, George IV of England, The Emperor of Russia, Talleyrand and other legendary figures in the Cafe Bonaparte history's most famous haute cuisine lives again.

Dancing from 9:30 to the music of Hal Otis.

Cafe Bonaparte

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"V IS FOR VEAL AND BOUQUET IS FOR FLAVOR", says Executive Chef Goss of the Hotel Sherman. He refers, of course, to the taste-tempting Veal Scallopini served in the College Inn Porterhouse. This true success story begins with the tender, lean leg of veal, which is first browned in butter, on both sides, to golden goodness. Then come cucumbers, mushrooms, Madeira wine, and a sauce to enchant—all adding their individual harmonies to the flavorsome symphony called "Veal Scallopini"—along with the bouquet of chives, shallots, and crushed garlic that is the main key to its success! Music by Frank York and his famous striding violins, Hotel Sherman (you can drive right in), Randolph, Clark and La Salle Streets, FRanklin 2-2100.

un. From 10 p.m. until 4 a.m.
London house, 360 n. Michigan (AN 3-6920). The Calvin Jackson quartet enters on April 1. Steaks and chops are a house specialty. Dinner from \$3.75. No cover or min.
Max Miller Scene, 2126 n. Clark (EA 3-6920). A piano man's wildest hopes are realized here, for the proprietor is also the main bill, and doesn't even have to play requests for "The Blue Danube" if he doesn't want p. The Lefty Bates trio plays, too, in this geometrically decorated room where all drinks are \$1. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. No cover for min. Closed Mon. & Tue.
Offbeat Room, 1037 Granville (RO 1-3271). Frank Liberio plays jazz piano. Folk songs with banjo by Bob Gibson and folk songs with autoharp by Rowina Reik. Tue.-Sat., shows from 9 p.m. \$2 min.
Pershing lounge, Pershing hotel, 6400 s. Cottage Grove (MU 4-6400). The excellent Ahmad Jamal group remains. Wed.-Sun., from 10 p.m. until 4 a.m. No cover or min.

EATING OUT

Agostino's, 1121 n. State (DE 7-9862). One of the city's oldest and most respected Italian restaurants, well known for steaks and sea food. Mon.-Sat., 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; from 1:30 p.m. on Sun. Dinner from \$2.25.
Berghoff's, 17 w. Adams (HA 7-3170). For hearty appetites: corned beef and cabbage, Thüringer sausage, other German dishes. The dark draught beer is excellent. 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.; closed Sun. Lunch \$1-\$2.50; dinner \$1.75-\$4.
Blackhawk Restaurant, 139 n. Wabash (FA 8-2822). Don Roth's prime rib palace has a rolling rib cart, spinning salad bowl and personality waiters. Weekdays, 11 a.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sat., 1:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.; Sun., 3:30 to 10 p.m. Dinner \$2.50-\$5.
Cafe Bonaparte, Sheraton-Blackstone hotel, Michigan at Balbo (HA 7-4300). The kind of food that Talleyrand used to talk about at the Congress of Vienna. Noon to 1 a.m. Dinner from \$6.
Cafe De Paris, 1260 n. Dearborn pkwy. (WH 4-5620). Delightful French fare, all the more enjoyable in the Gallic setting. Crepes suzettes are, of course, a house specialty. Daily, 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner \$3.90-\$6.50.
The Cameo, 116 e. Walton (SU 7-1200). Decorative dining where such substantial dishes as roast beef are done to perfection. Noon to 1 a.m. Dinner from \$3.50. Closed Sun.
Cafe Bohemia, 138 s. Clinton (AN 3-8310). Bohemian dishes with fresh game in season. 11 a.m. to midnight; closed Sun. & hol. Lunch \$1.35-\$1.65; dinner \$1.75-\$4.75.
Cape Cod room, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). Excellent seafood in tasteful surroundings. A la carte from \$2. Daily, noon until midnight.
Coach and Four, U.S. 20, one mile e. of Marengo (Marengo 41-J). A coachhouse restaurant of commendable fare and a women's apparel shop in a pre-Civil war mansion. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 8 p.m.
Clipper Room, Atlantic hotel, 316 s. Clark (WA 2-2646). Sea food with a sea-around-you atmosphere. Also German dishes. A la carte from \$1.55. 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. Closed Sat. & Sun.
Continental Gourmet, 1508 e. 57 (PL 2-9355). Wonderful hors d'oeuvres table is bolstered by special national dishes in a candle-lit

atmosphere. Weekdays except Mon. 4:30 p.m. to 10. Dinner \$1.75-\$3.75.
Fanny's, 1601 Simpson, Evanston (GR 5-8686). Spaghetti, salad dressing and other dishes all live up to their wide-spread fame. Mon.-Sat., 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.; 5 to 10 p.m.; Sun., noon to 10 p.m. Dinner \$1.75-\$4.75.
Fred Harvey's Harlequin Room, Palmolive building, 919 n. Michigan (DE 7-0606). A dark, quiet room for restrained dining. 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch from \$1.25; dinner from \$2.25.
Fritzel's, 210 n. State (AN 3-7100). Good cuisine behind a Hollywood facade. Daily, 11 a.m. to 1 a.m. Dinner \$2.85-\$4.95.
Grecian Terrace, 55 w. Washington (RA 6-0637). A good Loop restaurant where there's plenty of room at lunch time. Greek specialties include avgolemono soup, taramosalata (fish roe) and assorted kebabs and pelafs. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch from \$1.15; dinner from \$2.25.
Hoe Sai Gai, 85 w. Randolph (AN 3-6474). Chinatown in the Loop. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.; Sat. to 3 a.m. Lunch \$.75-\$2; dinner \$1.55-\$4.
Ireland's, 632 n. Clark (DE 7-2020). An old-time restaurant devoted exclusively to sea food. Noon to 2 a.m. Dinner \$2-\$5.

Jacques', 900 n. Michigan (DE 7-9040). Continental foods and choice wines in a light-hearted French atmosphere. 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., 5 to 10:30 p.m. Lunch \$1.70-\$2.60, dinner \$3.80-\$6.
Red Star Inn, 1528 n. Clark (WH 4-9637). Reputedly the biggest menu in the city, includes a zwiebel fleisch that's better than sauerbraten, even. Open 4 p.m. to midnight. From \$1.75.
St. Hubert's grill, 316 Federal (WE 9-8770). Superior food served by red-coated waiters in old English surroundings. Mon.-Sat., noon to midnight; closed Sun. A la carte from \$6.
Stock Yard Inn, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). The Sirloin room specializes in prime beef, but whumps up other dishes on demand. Dinner \$3.25-\$6.
Sweden House, 157 e. Ohio (SU 7-3350). The best and most delicate of Scandinavian dishes in handsome surroundings. 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 a.m. Lunch from \$.75, dinner from \$1.75.
Well of the Sea, Sherman hotel, Clark & Randolph (FR 2-2100). A dim room with deep sea menu and decor. Daily, noon to midnight; Sun., 4 to 9 p.m. Lunch \$1.60-\$2.25; dinner a la carte.



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FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS

A certain musician plays in a certain jazz place five nights a week and in a certain other jazz place on the other two nights. On a night at the latter stand he was in the alley taking some fresh air when a detective hove to and began questioning him about his reasons for being there. After the interrogation had proceeded for a while, the blower asked, "Say, are you a cop?"

The cop said he was.

The musician, obviously comforted, said, "Jeez, I thought you were from the union."

HOT STOVE LEAGUE FOR NUDISTS

Contrary to common conviction, the chief problems besetting nudists are not mosquitoes, helicopters and old ladies of both sexes.

The epidermal fashion folk do have their difficulties, though, and not the least of these is finding something to do together when the weather is too brisk for going around attired solely in shoes.

One group of local skin walkers has solved this quandry by devoting part of its winter leisure to watching cats box.

The organization alluded to is the Zoro Social club, and the feline fist-cuffs climaxed an entertainment it held one chilly Saturday evening in the barony of Paddy Bauler.

The Zoro Social club is to be confused with the Zoro Nudist camp in northern Indiana, since the membership of the two entities is nearly, though not absolutely, identical. The club operates during the winter

months to keep the quondam campers together and to interest such potential recruits as may turn up out of season.

These ends were served by the party under scrutiny, which was held on the second floor of the Immigrant State bank building at 333 North avenue, a structure also housing the offices of the Proletarian party and Jehovah's Witnesses.

The event was styled a Valentine party and held in a good-sized hall whose ceiling was hung with red and white crepe paper. A large red heart with a blue "Z" in the center was tacked to the door. The Zoro crest was displayed over the bandstand at one end of the hall—a blue "Z" on a yellow circle on a red star on a blue background, with "Zoro" spelled out in yellow below. Four young musicians played dance hall style tunes, filtered through an amplifier with "Kenny" inscribed on one side.

The group had been denied permission to sell liquor, and a sign over the bar read "All Pop 10c." A wide mirror stood upside down on the back bar. Etched into the glass was a rising sun design with "Bauler" superimposed in large capital letters.

Despite the lack of spiritous stimulation, there was a lively tide of laughter and conversation from the 50 or 60 guests, all of whom were fully dressed. Most of them were solid-looking folk in their thirties and forties, the only hint of bohemianism being a narrow beard that ringed one young man's chin from ear to ear. Men and women were present in about equal numbers, and a dozen or so children aged ten and up romped around as kids do at adult social functions.

Alois Knapp, the white-haired, benign patriarch of nudism, walked around the hall greeting his followers, most of whom pronounce his name "K-Napp." He talked of a forthcoming

debate in which he would maintain that the Salk vaccine program is "mass murder."

"K-Napp's got a beautiful home," said a youth with a see-no-evil, hear-no-evil, speak-no-evil monkey pin on his suit pocket. "You should see it. I'll tell you the trut' about all these homes, though. I believe nudism should be rustic. There's too much cabin-itis. It's like a fad now."

"We have about 45 members in the social club now. One thing it's supposed to do is stir up a mass psychology so everybody will act like a nudist."

He pointed to an elderly guest walking across the dance floor and said, "He used to be a professor of sociology. They ousted him out."

A policeman came in the door, looked around, lighted a cigar and looked around some more.

At a table near the bandstand sat two little girls about 11 years old. One of them was named Patty. The other one said, "My name is Suzanne, but my real name is Yvonne." Pressed for clarification, she explained, "They call me Suzanne at Zoro." She added, in a confidential tone, "Patty doesn't know about Zoro." Patty displayed no inclination to find out about it.

A dark-haired man in a sport jacket brought several boxes of equipment into the hall and put them down near the bandstand. He then assembled a simulated boxing ring about three feet long and a foot wide. Two huge cats were placed in the ring and promptly dozed off. One was pure white and was known, non-professionally, as Alec. The other, a tan tiger, was called Felix. Alec wore a gold harness and Felix, a silver one. Both garments were decorated with sequins.

A vivacious middle-aged woman pointed out that the cats had appeared on television. She began selling bets on the outcome of their bout,

which would terminate a floor show planned for the latter part of the evening. Guests could buy a ticket on either cat for a quarter, and holders of winning stubs would get their buffet supper free. As to the determination of the winning cat, she said, "Well, I guess one of them just sort of eventually gives up."

While she hawked tickets, two 13-year-old girls in the checkroom raised funds more directly. They displayed a sign reading, "We're not proud; we accept tips." One said she had been going to the Zoro camp for five years. The other had never been there. "I can't go," she explained. "My father's too narrow-minded. I told him I was just going to some friend's party tonight. He'd really give it to me if he knew I was here. He's a hot-blooded Italian."

The start of the floor show was announced. Dancing ceased and chairs were carried to one end of the hall. Stragglers were summoned away from the bar. The policeman was invited to sit down and watch, but preferred to stand and watch.

The master of ceremonies, a half-bald man about 50 in a blue jacket and a red jersey shirt, told several hoary jokes, getting hearty laughter from the guests and a yawn from the policeman.

Undaunted, the M.C. said, "This is for you, officer. This is for your benefit." He told another ancient story, this one about a rookie cop. The policeman doubled up and pounded his hand on a table in mock mirth.

Alois Knapp gave a short speech about the necessity for brotherhood among nudists, the peroration consisting of a quotation from an inspirational poem on the subject. After that two of the guests got up and performed a ballroom dance with minimum competence.

Then the cat man was given the floor. He introduced Alec as "the defending champion, Rocky Marciano," and Felix as "the worthy challenger, the Frisco Kid." He put gloves matching the harnesses on the forepaws of each of the contestants, and started a tape recorded parody of a boxing play-by-play, complete with shaving commercial.

He lifted the cats onto their hind legs and faced them toward each other. They began batting their paws up and down like children playing patty-cake. After about a minute the

evenly-fought first round was declared ended, and both cats leaned against the ropes while their master fanned them with a towel.

The second round was similarly close. When it was over the cats pretended to drink water from empty pop bottles. In the third round the champion, with a little assistance from his trainer, went down for an eight-count. Then he was nudged up and his opponent persuaded to lie down and be counted out.

Nine nudists were out a quarter, and seven held tickets on a free snack.

IMMIGRATION SERVICE

A department store on north Clark street now sells sets of panties with the days of the week embroidered on them—in Spanish.

EXCERPT FROM THE COLLECTED WORKS OF PADDY BAULER

Said the alderman of the 43rd ward, "What's the use of wasting a lot of money on a crime committee when everybody knows these things are going on. You can read all about it in *Confidentially Chicago*."

OSCAR'S OPERA

The smallest opera company around town is also the one with the longest season. Its house is a curtained recess, formerly a bedroom, in a two-story frame residence in Oak Park.

The Carol Fox, Nicola Rescigno and Maria Callas of this troupe are all one person—Oscar Lohner, an interpreter for Swissair lines. Lohner, a rounded, nearly bald bachelor, gives operas in his home every other Saturday night from November through May, playing the music on records, translating the lines into English, portraying the central characters and action with costume and gesture, and directing the movements of spontaneously recruited supernumeraries.

Lohner became interested in opera as a boy in his native Alsace-Lorraine. At the age of 15 he saw his first performance, *Parsifal*, and he never missed an opera in his home town after that. He came to the United States in 1929 and worked as an interpreter for TWA for several years before joining Swissair. The development of long-playing records spurred his interest in opera, and he liked to invite people in for common delectation. However, Lohner noted that most of his friends were deprived of part of the fun since, unlike him, they did not know seven languages—or even the three in which most operas



in general circulation are written.

About nine years ago he began giving running translations of the dialogue. Then he added gestures, then costumes, and finally a stage and scenery. His repertoire includes *Tosca*, *La Boheme*, *Tannhauser*, *Rigoletto*, *Faust*, *Aida* and *Carmen*.

Friends help Lohner make his sets and costumes, or, in some cases, donate complete ones. Those he uses in *Tosca* were given to him by Rosa Raisa, the noted Chicago opera star of the pre-Lyric era.

The impresario charges \$2.50 for a performance, that tariff covering a buffet supper and drinks, as well as the show. Most of the customers are his friends and their friends, although anyone can attend who makes an advance reservation.

Lohner was wearing a clerical robe appropriate to the first act as he greeted guests for a recent performance of *Tosca*. The early arrivals were in the dining room helping themselves to cold cuts, relishes and two kinds of potato salad. Photographs of Lohner in various roles lined the walls. His younger brother, Hans, ladled punch from a bowl. A niece, Elizabeth, bustled about in an apron. Tonight he had a full house, he said. There must have been nearly sixty guests.

"Iss everybody here?" he asked. "Anybotty expecting anyone else? Den ve start." Swinging a school bell, he led the audience to rows of folding chairs. They settled in their places, balancing paper plates and punch. Over the stage was a neon sign: OSCAR'S OPERA. Still ringing his bell, Lohner cleared a path from the stage to a nearby hallway.

"Ve have a procession at de end of de first act; ve gotta have room," he said. He then chose two guests to go upstairs with Hans and change into costume. They would be the procession.

"And now, please absolutely refrain from smoking except during de intermissions. And don't drink. I guarantee de law of gravity still prevails. Your drink won't fall over unless you kick it. Nothing iss more discouraging den to learn my lines, and den hear de ice clink in de glasses. Now if you want to take chust vun more *schluck*, as ve call it in German . . ."

As the guests *schlucked*, he pointed out that *Tosca* was originally a play for Sarah Bernhardt. "It's got everything," he said, "murder, suicide—

everything in de penal world. And over all, de chicanic figure of Napoleon looms.

"Ve start in Rome on Chune de fifteenth in de evening. By Chune de sixteenth all de characters dat appear in de first act have annihilated each other utterly.

"Vell, now to de blot itself. We are in a church in Rome—tell someone in de kitchen to be quiet. Here in church ve have hiding a fugitive from justice, a sort of New Dealer, a Henry Wallace. We also have a painter—de tenor. He is making a painting in de church. He sees a girl vith beautiful features, and he uses her for his Magdalene in his painting. Dis girl is *Tosca*, de ingenue.

"Ve hear a cannon shot. Now a cannon shot in Rome is de same thing as ven dey blow de vistles at Sing Sing. Someone has escaped from chail. Scarpia come in, de villain. Verever Scarpia steps, no grass grows.

"If you don't get all de blot in de first act, don't think you have second-grade brains in your cranium. You vill understand everything in de second act. Bear vit me. Thank you."

Hurrying backstage, he started the music. The curtains opened to the scene in the church. Presently Lohner strolled onstage, translating the opening aria with gestures. As the tenor voice sounded, he whisked off the clerical robe. Now he wore brown trousers and a regulation white shirt with ruffles sewn onto it.

Tosca entered. Reaching backstage, Lohner produced an elaborately jewelled staff. "*Tosca*, thou alone art real," he said to the staff. Three gloomy chords announced the arrival of Scarpia. For a moment Lohner

vanished, then reappeared in a black cape and white wig. Now he played four characters at once—changing position, altering his voice, talking from the side of his mouth.

The act drew to a climax. "And now de people of Rome come into de sanctuary. Are dey coming, de boys?" He peered into the hall. The previously chosen guests, as an altar boy and a priest, marched toward the stage. Hans, as a bishop with red robe and gold miter, followed. As they crowded onto the stage next to Lohner, bells rang and a cannon boomed. Oscar stepped back and slowly closed the curtains.

The guests crowded into the hall for coffee which Elizabeth poured from a five-gallon urn. They chatted about the opera. In a few minutes Lohner's bell rang. He had changed the set.

"And now before de second act ve make our introductions," he said. He acknowledged a businessman and his wife, who had been a singer-actress at the Railroad fair. The man, whose name was Gene, had built the platform on which Lohner stood. ("I have killed myself several hundred times on Chene's platform.")

On a sofa in back was a real estate man, George Quinlan, who had brought several guests—a schoolteacher, a receptionist, the president of Weiboldt's department stores and two of his buyers. A traffic man from United air lines also had some guests. Lohner then introduced a librarian, several doctors, a United Press photographer, a currency exchange operator and an advertising man with his wife and his mother from St. Petersburg, who had stayed over especially for the performance. There were also some Oak Park neighbors, including an Austrian who had spent some time in a prison camp and now lived next door. Finally there were a man who "signs checks for Standard Oil—a good man to know," and a building manager who plays boogie-woogie.

Lohner proceeded with his synopsis: "In Chicago ve have de McCormicks and de Ryersons. In Rome dey had de Varnesies an de villa Varnesie. All dese scenes are really dere in Rome. You could fly over Swissair and see for yourself."

The curtains rose on a dining room in the villa. Lohner, in his ruffled shirt, drank wine with an invisible *Tosca*. Later he changed into Scarpia's cape and wig. At the end of the act,



Scarpia was supposed to be stabbed. To create this illusion, Lohner stabbed the air; then a guest in a brown business suit appeared from the audience to become the corpse. Covering the guest with a grey cloth, he hurried back and pulled the curtains.

"And here comes de bloody end," he said after intermission. "In dis act people don't die in waltz tempo, dey really die." And he explained how Tosca and her lover planned to run away to a suburb of Rome, "chust like Evanston or Oak Park." But their plot was foiled by "de FBI," and the opera ended with everyone dead.

"Let us run away from Rome," he translated. "Route 42-A to Evanston—George Quinlan has quite a few buildings dere on his list." But, as he went on to relate, the outcome was bloody, with Mario (Lohner) being shot by soldiers, and Tosca (Lohner) leaping to death over a parapet. He jumped off a chair to simulate the latter demise.

"And now," he said when he had drawn the curtains, "ve all know de magic story of Tosca. I guarantee that tomorrow ve could go to China and near Tosca in Chinese and ve would understand it. Nobody has anything on us ven it comes to Tosca—not even Claudia Cassidy. And now"—ringing his school bell—"glass iss dismissed."

WORLD'S GREATEST INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

It is generally recognized that the imperfections of the *Tribune* and its subsidiary enterprises do not include poor accommodations for the help. A case in point is the plywood likeness of Ernie Simon that stands outside the Tower to advertise his sidewalk television show. A rain parka is placed on the image whenever the weather ceases to be clement.

IS THAT ALL?

The Lerch Elevator company has two locations in the Loop.

IT IS WRITTEN

On the wall of a tavern in Milwaukee: "We don't have television, but we have fights every night."

THE NIGHT THE WHITE SOX DIED

There are 250 White Sox fans on the rolls of Bridgeport post 5079, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the greatest of these is Richard Laskowski. In the picturesque words of a fellow member, "Rich is a Sox fan until the end of time."

And now the dream had ended. This was the night of September 20, 1955. The White Sox had come home to die. The team had expired at 10:18 p.m., Central daylight time, before the eyes of 23,454 coroner's witnesses who had maintained the death watch at Comiskey park. The official cause of death was a 3-2 defeat administered by the Cleveland Indians, a loss that made it mathematically impossible for the Sox to win the American league pennant.

Rooting for the White Sox is a Bridgeport tradition. When the original Charles Comiskey's original American league White Sox played their first game in 1901 on the grounds at 39th and Wentworth, Bridgeporters of Finley Peter Dunne's world were in the grandstand. Richard Laskowski, 30, is an heir to that tradition. He can walk to the ball park from the VFW post headquarters on the southwest corner of 32d and May. On an afternoon when Comiskey park customers have something to shout about, and the wind is from the east, he can detect the cheers while he works in the Illinois Packing Company plant at 37th and Sangamon.

Because he is a young man, Laskowski cannot remember a summer when the White Sox made a better race than in 1955, when they had a better chance to win a pennant. A 30-year-old Sox fan has no recollection of a World Series in Comiskey park. He must depend on the stories of the oldtimers who saw the world champions of 1917. He doesn't care to hear about the blackguards of 1919 who threw the Series.

There are times when every Sox fan is convinced that his team is cursed. Laskowski was sure of it on September 20. He was an object of sympathy as he mechanically tended bar in the neat clubhouse that the veterans installed and decorated in an old building in an older neighborhood. The lively Polish polka blasting from the juke box was a dirge.

In a large room just a few feet from



the bar, a dummy dressed as a White Sox player lay in state. Two Cub fans, John Piliponis and Harry Wisneski, had arranged the wake, largely for Laskowski's benefit. Piliponis and Wisneski had made a production, a spectacular, of their little joke. There was nothing makeshift about it.

The dummy, attired in Sox shirt and cap and a pair of gaudy softball pants, rested on a carefully constructed bier. There were flowers and candles and there was a crying towel, too, for Sox fans who could not contain their grief. There were plans for a funeral procession and interment in the historic waters of Bubbley creek, just a short walk to the westward.

Laskowski ignored the wake, but he spoke of the deceased with a melancholy mixture of reverence and scorn. Shrugging his right shoulder, he said, "I was still hoping right up till that week-end series in Kansas City. Some guys gave up on them when they blew that game in Washington, but I figured they still had a chance."

"I'm pretty disgusted after having them go this far and fold up. This was the year. As far as a pennant goes next year, it's dampened now."

With more dejection than bitterness, Laskowski dwelt on the shortcomings of the team. He seemed to be a spokesman for thousands of Sox fans who were putting themselves through the same "it might have been" torture that night. He spoke of the failures of Minoso and Rivera on the



final, fatal road trip. Misery was in his voice as he touched on the inability of Donovan to regain winning form after the star pitcher had recovered from baseball's most famous appendectomy. Even the villains, Piliponis and Wisneski, didn't have the heart to kid their friend verbally.

Laskowski gestured toward the bier in the other room, shrugged that right shoulder again, smiled wanly and said, "I don't think it's funny."

Then he walked away to draw three beers for members who had summoned him to the other end of the bar.

SPRING-LIKE ZEPHYRS, swirling up from the south, were carrying the hearty effluvium of the Stock Yards into Bridgeport when the VFW post was revisited a few weeks ago. In the big room where White Sox pennant hopes had lain in state, a film was being presented for children of the members.

Chief mourner Laskowski was on the customers' side of the bar this time. He had brought his son over for the movie from their home at 3202 south Aberdeen, just a block from the post. While sounds of a running gun battle came from the movie room, Laskowski talked about a subject close to his heart.

"I still say they'll get in first place," he declared. "Doby will give 'em the power, the long ball. They say that Comiskey park is different than Cleveland's stadium where Doby played, but he can hit the long ball any place."

The hurt look was gone from Laskowski's eyes. He could talk about the White Sox now without the overtone of disbelief of the night of the wake. "I began to get over it right after the World Series," he recalled. "For a while there I couldn't think about anything except that they could have been in the Series and they blew it. But after the Series was over I figured there was no sense brooding about it."

He returned to the no-longer-dampened season of 1956. "I think Aparicio could turn out to be another Chico at shortstop, but a better hitter. The only real question mark is right field. In my estimation Nieman is a good ball player. They should use him out there. He's not fast, but he's a real hitter. We have to have hitters."

The movie had ended and the children and their mothers filed out of the large room. Bob Laskowski, 7, tugged at his father's arm and asked for a 7 Up. Rich ordered one and said, "I took the kid to a couple of games last year. He's at the age now where he's beginning to understand the game. He'd really cheer for Minoza on television. I hope Minnie gives him a little more to yell about this year."

"I started going to games at Sox park when I was about Bobby's age. That was back in the depression. All the kids from Bosley playground would go over and get in free. That's what got me started watching the Sox. I guess I'll never be able to stay away. I'm hoping that I can see more games this year than last. In 1955 I went about 35 times."

Spring had returned to Bridgeport and hope to the heart of Richard Laskowski.

INTERPRETIVE REPORTING

This news story appeared in the *Spectator*, official organ of the state prison at Jackson, Michigan:

"At a few minutes to 4 p.m. last Saturday the chaplain's clerk, Wayne Fitzpatrick, left his office for three minutes and when he returned the office clock was gone.

"Some unknown character — and there are thieves in here in spite of the careful screening new men go through to keep them out—sneaked in, cut the electric cord and swung with the clock."

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

A lady who works in the city hall to an elevator operator with whom she had skirmished there: "Maybe I carry my precinct; how do you know?"

THE PULASKI ROAD IRREGULARS

Sherlock Homes, Inc., is in the residential construction business at 6959 south Pulaski.

THE ANNUAL CHICAGO AND VICINITY ART HASSLE

If there is one thing local painters are really good at, it is standing up for their rights and demanding what they believe is coming to them, and nowhere is this more apparent than in the annually controversial Chicago and Vicinity show, whose present renewal is on display at the Art Institute through April 12.

The Institute has learned to accept the yearly chorus of complaints by adopting a long-suffering, martyred air about the whole thing. The officials' attitude seems to say, if we cannot skip the affair entirely, let us at least pretend we were not there. In the past they have tried being off-handedly casual about the exhibit. Once they even tried not having it at all, which raised a bigger hue and cry than ever, as there are some seven thousand dollars earmarked annually for prize money for the event.

Last year they had a special preview for artists in hopes of smoothing some of the ruffled feathers; this year they have asked, somewhat plaintively, for suggestions from the artists themselves on just how to make the show more palatable all around. About all they can do now is to have a jury in, put up the show, hand out the prizes and get the whole thing over as quietly as possible in a general atmosphere of acute discomfort.

This year's show was no exception to the tradition, except that the complaints started earlier and went on longer. An out-of-town jury with suspected leanings toward radical abstract art was the cause of most of the

trouble. As a matter of fact, about the only people perfectly pleased with the whole thing were the members of the jury itself: Ioram Lassaw, sculptor, New York; Hedda Sterne, painter, New York; and Gordon Washburn, director, department of fine arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

In three days they looked over 1,026 items and picked out 203 for the show; they handed out \$7,975 in prizes and then they went back home. They didn't go away mad, they just went away.

"I don't know why," said Lassaw, recalling the events of the actual judging, "but the sculpture was outstanding. Much more good sculpture was submitted than good painting." Lassaw, a mild-mannered, soft-spoken man, is called a blowtorch artist because of his welded sculpture, but his personality belies the description. "I say this not just because I am a sculptor myself," he hastened to explain. "I wouldn't say it at all if the other jurors hadn't said it first."

Miss Sterne, a charming Roumanian lady who taught herself to paint (she's married to cartoonist Saul Steinberg), backed Lassaw up and added, "The highest level of sculpture was above the highest level of painting." She said the judges would like to have given more of the prizes to the sculpture, but were restricted by conditions attached to the awards. Both Lassaw and Hedda Sterne seemed innocent of the fact that there would be many non-abstract painters around town weeping in their turpentine as rejected paintings turned up at studios like unwanted Little Shebas.

"In proportion to the amount submitted, a much higher percentage of sculpture was accepted than painting," said Lassaw, who found the judging extremely wearing work. "We got physically tired from just looking and looking at things," he said, blinking his eyes behind their glasses at the mere recollection, "and believe me we looked at everything. We sat in three chairs in the second floor skylight gal-

leries, from nine to five, for three days, and just looked and looked and looked. Big paintings were held off at about eight feet; smaller things they brought up close. If we all agreed on a painting it was in immediately. Frequently we found ourselves nodding in unison, but if even one of us liked it slightly, the painting was tabled and we looked at it again later. By Wednesday noon we had the show picked and we started handing out prizes."

Lassaw, who arrived on Sunday, spent most of that day walking around town, conscientiously trying to get the feel of the city which provided the background for the work. "Most of the paintings submitted were big-city paintings," he said. "I don't mean paintings of a big city, but you felt the influence of a big city nearby. They were not especially midwestern, because art is more nearly universal now than it has ever been before."

Lassaw paused briefly before summing up the judging in a stroke of clairvoyance: "I suppose," he said patiently, "that when people see the show they will say, 'How could they, how could they?' but really at the time we were all pretty well agreed."

Artists (and spectators) who suspect a bias on the part of the judges will find it easy to uncover evidence in their careers: Lassaw spent two decades in uncompromisingly advanced experiment, to which only a few fellow-artists paid attention, before attaining a measure of recognition and commercial success last year.

Miss Sterne, whose work is largely an exploration of big city shapes and spaces, has been celebrated both by connoisseurs and by *Life* magazine as an abstract artist. Among museum officials, Washburn is an outspoken champion of advanced art.

Miss Sterne, like Lassaw, was gratified by the entente which developed among the judges. "It was surprising how three people from different backgrounds, involved right now in different areas of art, and who have had

little communication in the past, agreed so easily and so fast."

Those who felt that the awards were somehow a reflection on the quality of local work, got little support from the judges. Miss Sterne, who worried a lot about the possibility of overlooking the best works among so many, ended up by feeling reassured: "In terms of the actual prize-winners, we felt the quality was high. No prizes were given by default."

One summing-up of the show might be the words of a particularly optimistic young artist who, while waiting in line at the Institute shipping room for his rejected paintings, was heard to remark cheerfully: "Next year I think I'll try something more Modern."

THE CORONATION OF THE RED-HEAD

Gin and tonic was the beverage favored by Deborah Kerr of *Tea and Sympathy* when she came to the Sarah Siddons Walk of the Ambassador East hotel to accept the Sarah Siddons award as the best actress to grace local theater in 1955.

Some of the dialogue of the occasion went this way:

When Miss Kerr first glimpsed the trophy she was to receive, she said, "It looks terribly heavy."

In his presentation speech, host James Hart enthused, "We think she's a grand girl; she's done so much for the Ambassador hotel."

A few minutes later the photographers had Hart kiss Miss Kerr again and again and again so they could get lots of pictures. Miss Kerr declared, "What I do for the Ambassador hotel!"

A little while after that Miss Kerr was asked, by someone who asks such things, "Do you think the White Sox will make it this year?"

"Oh my goodness," she said, registering bearable guilt, "I hadn't given them a thought."





by Gerry Robichaud

All pictures by International News Photos

Republican committeeman of the 17th ward is the only elective office Bill Balmer has ever held, but his influence is felt in many places and on many levels of government.

THE SHADOW

Edmund F. Mansure had to resign as head of General Services administration in the wake of charges that he improperly arranged granting of government insurance contract to Balmer, his political sponsor.



AMONG the Republican bosses in Chicago few, if any, are wiler or better-heeled than one William J. Balmer, a thoroughly self-made man. If the rags-to-riches story of this enterprising South Sider does not conform strictly to the Horatio Alger tradition, it is only because Bill Balmer learned at a tender age that while honesty is sometimes the best policy, it is not invariably so.

His speech is frequently punctuated by such remarks as "I'm no angel," "I don't have wings." If he has wandered from the straight and narrow, he is at least inclined to be honest with himself.

He has been accused of virtually every sin of a ruthless and unscrupulous politician: a double-crosser, an unprincipled rogue, an opportunistic compromiser who has aligned himself first with one side, then with another,



"We all know that Bill is generally on the make for a fast buck. But just the same he has contributed a great deal to our organization."



Balmer is often called the real power behind Edward F. Moore, chairman of the Cook County Republican Central Committee. Moore is also Balmer's partner in the insurance venture now under investigation.

RING-PULLER OF THE GOP

design by Alan Whitney

... sometimes with both, in the factional strife that has often marked the course of Republicanism in Chicago. He has been charged with selling City Hall jobs. He was a "five percenter" during World War II. He is a defendant in a \$400,000 civil fraud suit brought by the federal government in connection with the sale of surplus goods, and he stands an excellent chance of being either a defendant or prosecution witness in a congressional perjury case involving a pal, Edmund F. Mansure, whom Balmer had gotten appointed to high office in the Eisenhower administration.

Some years ago, when Balmer had fallen into temporary disrepute with some of his fellow Republican leaders, John Leonard (Bunny) East, another South Side GOP boss, tried to justify Balmer. "I want you to know," East told the irate dissidents, "that whether

you like Bill Balmer or not he has done a lot for the party. We all know that Bill is generally on the make for a fast buck. But just the same he has contributed a great deal to our organization." For this eloquent, but overly frank defense, Balmer told his erstwhile buddy: "The next time I need a character witness, I'll know better than to ask you to testify."

Balmer's penchant for what Bunny East termed a "fast buck" is almost legend. Yet, in justice to Balmer, it must be said that if any public monies have ever stuck to his fingers, no one has ever been able to dig up the evidence to jail him.

Now aged 64, Balmer is a nimble-witted, fast-talking man whose full head of neatly-trimmed silvery white hair accounts only in part for his nickname, the Silver Fox. The other part is accounted for by his craftiness.

For most of the past 35 years, Balmer has managed to be a potent force in local GOP councils. His influence at times has been felt in Washington no less than in Chicago—and it has been felt during Democratic as well as Republican regimes.

He is string-puller without peer. He was an intimate political associate of the late William Hale Thompson, whose mayoral reign in Chicago established a record of corruption yet to be equaled. Immediately before and during World War II, he had access to the late President Roosevelt's palace guard.

Even before President Eisenhower was elected, Bill Balmer had won the affection of Ike and of important figures in his entourage. When envious Chicago GOP leaders tried to warn the Eisenhower people that they thus would become tainted, Herbert

Brownell, soon to be U. S. Attorney General, snapped: "Bill Balmer was our man before the election and he's our friend now."

Brownell had reference to the role that Balmer had played in the Illinois delegation to the Republican National Convention in 1952—a role not unlike the one played by Sen. Richard M. Nixon within the California delegation. Though the Illinois delegates, including Balmer, were all pledged—with one exception—to Sen. Robert A. Taft, Balmer had a hunch that Taft wouldn't make it. He felt that Taft's handlers had "built a wall" around their man and that it would operate against his winning the nomination. Balmer was also convinced that Eisenhower would have by far the best chance of winning the presidency if nominated. News of his views filtered back to the Eisenhower camp and one of Ike's managers (presumably Brownell, though Balmer won't say) approached Balmer. Bill was soon hip-deep in a conspiracy to round up as many Illinois delegates as he could to switch over to Ike on the second ballot if Taft didn't make it on the first. Sen. Nixon, a member of the California delegation pledged to the then Gov. Earl Warren, was engaged in a similar plot to switch from Warren to Ike on the second ballot.

As it turned out, Eisenhower was nominated on the first ballot, and the aid sought from Balmer and Nixon was never needed. Nixon was picked as Ike's running mate. Balmer's reward, as Brownell later made it clear, was to have the dominant say in the distribution of federal patronage jobs through the Cook County Central committee, where Balmer serves as second in command under Chairman Edward F. Moore. In fact, Balmer is considered by some to be the power behind the throne.

After what he didn't do, Nixon received somewhat more than Balmer received after what *he* didn't do. But it was enough for the Silver Fox. In the light of subsequent events, Balmer may well have thought it was too much.

BALMER'S DUKE DOM is the 17th Ward, which he serves as the elected Republican committeeman, a post he has held with only one interruption since 1921. Like so many other South Side wards, the 17th is an area in transition. It is bounded on the north by Garfield boulevard, on the east by the Rock Island railroad tracks, State street and Indiana avenue, on the south by 83d street, and on the west by Halsted and Wallace streets.

Across the 17th Ward boundaries have come a large influx of Negroes (about 55 per cent of the ward's pop-

ulation is colored), a somewhat large number of Southern whites, mostly from Arkansas, and a sprinkling of the old Englewood families that formed the backbone of the 17th's Republicanism in earlier days. The 17th is now largely a rooming-house district, firmly allied to the Democratic party (although Balmer helped carry it for the GOP in the 1952 Eisenhower year). Bill Balmer still maintains a modest home there—a third-floor walk-up in a three-flat building on Princeton.

It was not too far north of the 17th Ward that Bill Balmer first got his start in Chicago. The Twentieth Century was barely dawning when Bill moved here from Port Huron, Michigan, with his Scotch and Irish parents. Besides his mother and his father, a locomotive and stationary engineer, the family consisted of two boys and two girls. Bill was the oldest of the children, a friendly, hustling young man who by the time he was eight years old was firmly ensconced on one of the best newspaper corners in Chicago—39th and State.

It was there that Bill learned that a streetcar named desire can be transformed into a streetcar named fulfillment—if you know how to go about it. The corner was a transfer point. Southbound cable-car passengers had to get off and hop aboard another vehicle heading in their direction. Northbound passengers reversed the process to climb aboard the northbound cable-cars. In the natural course of events, young Bill became acquainted with many conductors. Because they liked him they often gave him a fistful of "green" transfers which their passengers had failed to claim and which were good for North-South travel from the terminus at 39th and State. Bill in turn would distribute the green transfers to some of his favorite newspaper customers who, in a burst of gratitude, would tell him to "keep the change" when they plunked down a nickel for their paper. Inasmuch as the newsstand cost of a paper was then only a penny and streetcar fare three cents, Bill's customers lost a cent on the deal. But they didn't seem to mind.

It is important to note that the transfers cost Bill nothing, a fact which was not lost upon his young mind and which provided him with a tenet of politics for his later life. That is, when you're doing a fellow a favor don't use your own money if you can help it.

"There was nothing wrong about it," Balmer recently said. "The streetcar people knew it was being done all the time. If a passenger paid his fare and was entitled to a transfer which



he didn't want, why shouldn't someone else use it. After all, it was paid for."

Between peddling papers and transfers, our enterprising young hero found time to run errands for the justice of the peace who held court near Bill's corner. The J.P., known as Judge Hennessy, gave Bill his first intimate look at politics in action, and what he saw of it, he liked. What little formal education he obtained was sandwiched between jobs at St. Columbkille's, then at St. Elizabeth's, and finally at the Harding public school. He did not attend high school.

When he turned eighteen, young Bill's father died. As the oldest of four children, he assumed full financial responsibility for the family. He went into the building business on his own, specializing in house alterations and remodeling and the moving of houses. Financially, he was doing quite well but he wanted to do better; his next venture was the oil busi-



Balmer's talent for playing both ends against the middle was convincingly demonstrated in 1930 U. S. Senatorial election. He backed Ruth Hanna McCormick, daughter of Mark Hanna and widow of Medill McCormick, yet continued as public service commissioner to Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson, who was bitterly opposing Mrs. McCormick.

ness. He sold, under the name of Commercial Petroleum Products, lubricating oil to industrial users and kerosene to home consumers. It was this venture which changed the course of his life.

In talks with oil industry salesmen and executives his imagination was fired by tales of men who had become rich as oil producers. He sold out his oil distribution agency and set forth for the so-called shallow oil fields of Indiana and Ohio where he pioneered with a partner, Ed Shaw, in reclaiming unplugged wells which had filled with water. He moved into Kentucky for fresh exploration work, and again he was successful. He branched out in his operations to sell drilling and related equipment, and numbered some of the major producers among his customers.

Finally, by the time he was 28 and had taken a Chicago girl as his wife, he tired of the barnstorming life. He returned home with a sizable chunk

of money, a good income from producing oil wells and a restless ambition. Even while in the oil fields, Balmer had come back to Chicago frequently, especially around election time, to serve as a Republican precinct captain. It was only natural that he should turn to politics as a permanent way of life.

When the present 17th Ward was defined in 1921, Bill Balmer was appointed its first GOP committeeman by the Cook County central committee. His principal sponsor was William H. (Doc) Reid, 31st Ward committeeman and a Big Bill Thompson man. Another friend of Balmer's was Edward J. Brundage, a North Side Republican powerhouse and foe of Big Bill. But Balmer's friendship with Brundage did not prevent him from later allying himself firmly with Thompson. Throughout his political career, Balmer was to be a rebel, a maverick, a man of independent mind and judgment—sometimes acting for

selfish reasons, sometimes for what he considered the good or the survival of the party to which he had given allegiance.

Though he stuck by Thompson long after others had deserted his sinking ship, in 1930 he refused to go along with Thompson's support of J. Hamilton Lewis, the dandified Democrat, who was engaged in a race for a U.S. Senate seat against the widow of the late Medill McCormick, whom Thompson had detested. Balmer gave his endorsement to Ruth Hanna McCormick, who aspired to fill the seat once held by her husband.

That year he drew a \$50,000 personal check on the Corn Exchange Bank to set up Republican campaign headquarters and inaugurated perhaps the first of the \$100-a-plate political dinners ever staged in the United States. It was a smashing success—netting the Republicans \$286,000.

Though Balmer had offered to resign as Thompson's public service



John Leonard "Bunny" East, above, Moore's predecessor, acknowledged Balmer's devotion to the fast buck, but called him an asset to the party anyway. U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., was grateful for Balmer's help in nominating President Eisenhower at 1952 Republican convention, and took his side in subsequent patronage disputes.



commissioner before bucking the mayor on Mrs. McCormick, Thompson would have none of it. In fact, he even permitted Balmer to fast-talk him into buying ten tickets for \$1,000 though Thompson did not attend the affair.

Despite this show of Republican wealth, the Great Depression was fastening its deadly grip on the country. J. Hamilton Lewis, who sported pink whiskers, fawn-colored gloves and a swallow-tailed frock coat, defeated Mrs. McCormick in a foretaste of the Democratic years that lay ahead. The following year, in 1931, Anton J. Cermak became mayor of Chicago, ushering in an era of Demo-

cratic rule that is still with us. It meant political eclipse for Thompson, and temporary obscurity for Balmer. Balmer busied himself more with his various business enterprises than with politics, until 1939 when he was one of the few Republican leaders to stick by Thompson when the latter engaged in his ill-fated and humiliating attempt to win the mayoral nomination against the young, up-and-coming Dwight (Pete) Green, who had helped prosecute Al Capone. In his foredoomed fight for Thompson, Balmer was opposed by Ed Moore, now his staunch ally.

It was also about that time that

Balmer, a man more engrossed in getting a political job done than in the upper realm of political ideology suddenly got "religion," so to speak. England, France and Poland had been drawn into war by Nazi aggression. Though the tradition in which he had grown up was strongly isolationist, Balmer decided to cast his lot against the America First Committee and with the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. He felt that civilization as he had always known it was at stake, and that inevitably America would be drawn into the war as a matter of ultimate survival. Once won to the international cause, he devoted himself characteristically to working behind the scenes to promote it. It was Balmer who persuaded Thompson, the confirmed baiter of King George V, to pen a message that was a great comfort in one of England's darkest hours. Addressed to King George VI, son of Big Bill's oldtime whipping boy, the message said: "May God speed England to an early victory." The message was relayed through Lord Halifax, then British ambassador to Washington, whom Balmer later was to help sponsor in his first formal appearance before once-hostile Illinoisans.

As an "industrial engineer," Balmer had set up offices on Connecticut avenue in Washington, where he proceeded to make friends with, and spread his influence among, the men who were arriving in the nation's capital to gear the country for whatever emergencies lay ahead. It was only a short skip and a jump to becoming a "five percent." Balmer does not like the phrase, preferring to maintain that he merely was a consultant to firms needing help to obtain materials for producing critical civilian goods. But in 1942 Balmer filed suit in Circuit Court in Chicago against a local firm for which, Balmer said, he had obtained \$5½ million in War Department contracts for 155 mm. field gun carriages. Balmer fixed his ultimate commission at \$300,000—roughly five per cent—but sued for an immediate payment of \$25,000. The suit was settled out of court.

BALMER'S CURRENT DIFFICULTIES on the national scene fall into two pieces. The first, the \$400,000 suit, involves the buying of surpluses with veterans allegedly acting as dummies for Balmer and his associates. It is not a pretty story—if the allegations are true—that the veterans who permitted their names to be used to purchase trucks and other scarce items were threatened with violence when they wanted to withdraw from the deal. According to the prosecutors, some of the agents hired by Balmer and his

associates were ex-convicts who presumably pulled the strong-arm stuff. In any event the alleged fraud, if it can be proven, took place in 1946, during the Truman administration. By the time action was taken against Balmer the statute of limitations had prevented criminal prosecution. The U.S. attorney in Chicago, Robert Ticken, undertook the civil suit in 1955, with the full knowledge of Balmer's old friend, Attorney General Brownell. But Balmer holds no grudge against Brownell. He puts the blame squarely on U.S. Senator Everett M. Dirksen, with whom he has been feuding over patronage matters. At the current writing, Balmer is trying to settle the suit out of court.

From a national political standpoint, the episode involving Ed Mansure is much more sensational. A lawyer and businessman who for years ran his family's upholstery and drapery-trim manufacturing enterprise in Chicago, Mansure was a hard-working fundraiser for the GOP. Like most political workers who come in contact with Balmer's agile mind, Mansure was fascinated by the scope of Balmer's political know-how and shrewdness. He was glad to accept Balmer as his mentor and he leaped at the opportunity to be sponsored by Balmer and Ed Moore for the post of administrator of the General Services Administration, the government's vast house-keeping agency. Brownell and White House presidential assistant Sherman Adams, with whom Balmer was also friendly, readily went along with the appointment, and President Eisenhower acquiesced to the Brownell-Adams recommendation that he do so.

Mansure's administration of the GSA has been both commended and condemned, and the weight of the evidence seems to be that by ordinary government standards he did a fairly workmanlike job. Mansure's downfall came when the GSA was negotiating for a \$40 million expansion of the government's strategic Nicaro nickel plant in Cuba.

When the contract had been let, it was suddenly discovered that Balmer and Ed Moore had landed the lion's share—two-thirds—of the insurance required to cover workmen's compensation for one of the American construction firms which was to build the Nicaro plant addition.

While Balmer and Moore both had dabbled in insurance for some years, they were not licensed as the new firm of Balmer & Moore, the Chicago Temple Building, 77 West Washington, until shortly before they submitted the winning sealed bid for the insurance contract.

How they got the insurance business is a point of hot dispute. Testimony

before a special House Government Operations Subcommittee has been conflicting and confusing. Randall Cremer, vice president of Frederick Snare Corp., has testified under oath that he gave the business to Balmer & Moore only because Mansure urged him to do so. Mansure, also under oath, has denied that flatly, insisting that he had merely suggested that some Midwestern insurance firms with Republican connections might be interested in the Nicaro business. Mansure further deposes that he only mentioned Balmer as the man who might steer Cremer to acceptable Midwestern firms. Balmer, likewise under oath, has testified that Balmer & Moore got the insurance contract on its own without any help from Mansure.

That is where matters now stand. Just where the whole truth lies, it is impossible to tell. How much of the contradiction may be the result of misunderstanding or deliberate falsehood, nobody knows. The only undisputed fact is that Balmer & Moore made money out of the deal, but Balmer says the net take will be closer to \$12,000 than the \$40,000 which some people have charged the firm made.

Unless further hearings can clarify the confusing picture, there is every likelihood that the testimony of the principals — Mansure, Balmer and Cremer—may go before a federal grand jury to determine whether there are grounds for a perjury indictment. But, again, who might or might not be indicted—if anybody at all is—one can tell at this writing.

The salient fact is that Mansure, who leaned heavily on Balmer for advice in running the GSA, has been forced to resign. His hopes for a political career lie shattered around him. Whether the blame is his or Balmer's is a question which Mansure must resolve in his own mind. Balmer has said that he learned about the Nicaro business independently, through an associate, Erwin (Mike) Shafer. At the time, Balmer says, neither he nor Shafer knew that the GSA was involved in any way. When

they found out, Balmer says, he told Mansure about it and asked him whether it would embarrass Mansure if the new firm of Balmer & Moore bid for the insurance. Mansure told him "no," according to Balmer.

If that is the case, Mansure was being either incredibly naive or incredibly cynical in a way that only a ward politician such as Balmer could be. Unfortunately, Mansure by his own testimony has given more weight to the assumption of cynicism on his part by stoutly defending the award of insurance to deserving GOP firms. Inasmuch as it is the habit of Democratic politicians in Chicago to steer fat insurance contracts to brokers with the proper Democratic connections, Mansure seems to think it is all right to follow the same system in the GSA or wherever the Republicans are in power.

Balmer is living proof that if the Republican bosses of Chicago are no worse than the Democratic bosses, they are likewise no better.

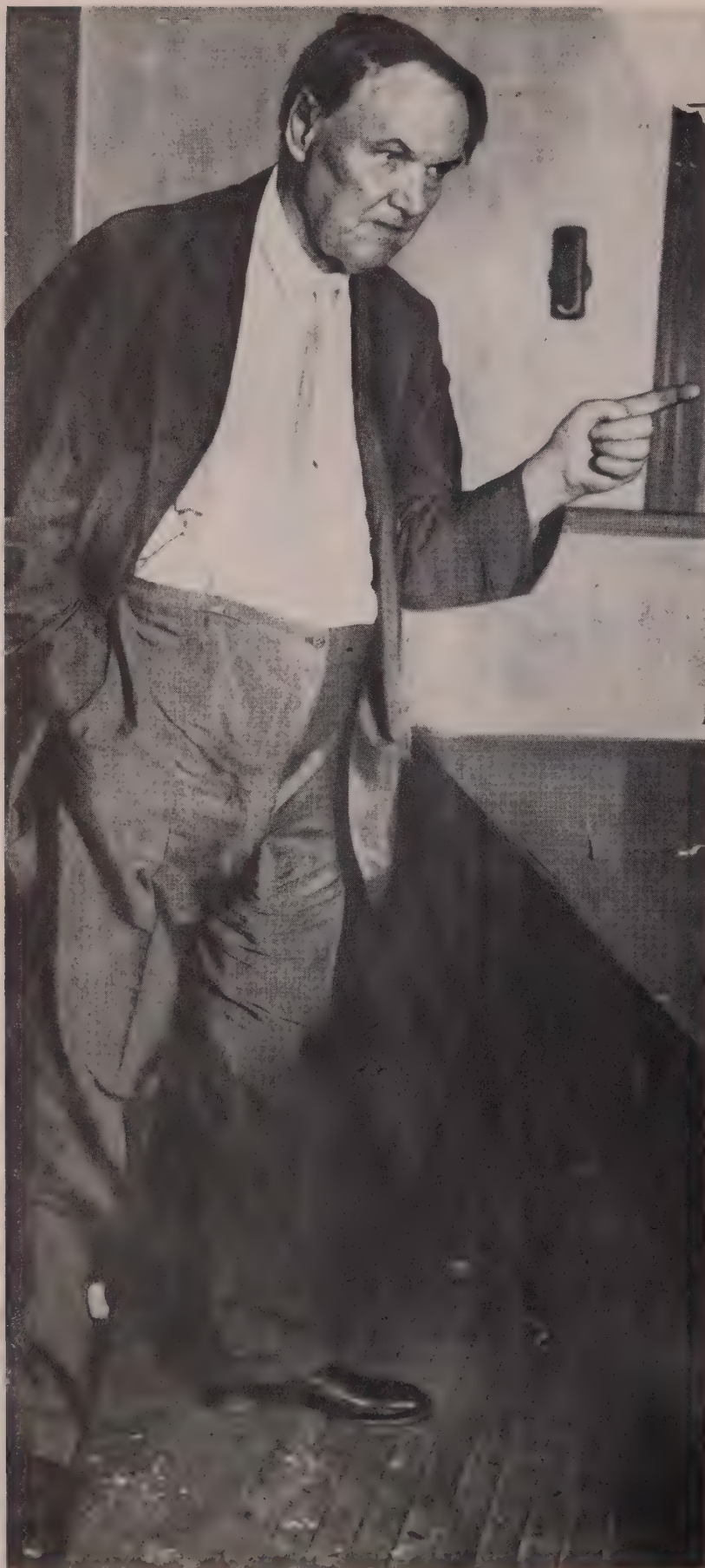
In summing up his philosophy and attitude toward politics and life in general, Balmer recently said: "Ever since I was a boy, I always had a fear—I didn't like to lose. My satisfaction has always come out of winning—not in defeating the other fellow."

In his big, dark-walled, mahogany-and-leather furnished office in the Chicago Temple Building, Balmer appears to be his same shrewdly friendly self, remarkably well-spoken for a man with a minimum of formal schooling. His mind still teems with ambitious schemes for manipulating people and events, as he has for so many years.

It is obvious that the Mansure affair has hurt him, that it is a sort of a nightmare in a life that has had little time for nightmares. But, as he puffs at a filter-tipped denicotinized cigaret and makes arrangements for dinner at Henri's with a political or business friend, Balmer is still a vigorous man, capable of leading others because of his indefatigable energy and an innate ability to sense a vacuum and fill it. ■

Balmer is credited with inventing what is now an institution of political fast-buckery, the many-dollar-a-plate dinner.





Clarence Darrow On Account

The next day was Saturday, and I went to the Big Smoky Mountains in search of a breeze. On Sunday, at sunset, as I was turning back from the walk we had taken to the top, I was met by a reporter with the news of Mr. Bryan's death. The newspapers, next morning, carried the announcement that he was to have spoken on the Sunday afternoon and evening in some town outside Dayton, and had eaten an unusually heavy Sunday dinner and had gone to his bedroom for a nap, and when the family went to call him they found him dead. The irony of fate—a man who for years had fought excessive drinking lay dead from indigestion caused by over-eating.

When he came to Dayton his health was much impaired. He had been cautioned by physicians against over-eating, and no doubt he was somewhat weakened by the extreme heat; and his anxieties and efforts in the case, which perhaps were all the greater because he was not familiar with court proceedings, must have

The local success of *Inherit the Wind*, a melodrama based on the Scopes Monkey Trial of three decades ago, recalls Darrow's own version of his world famous clash with William Jennings Bryan and its sequel.

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THE TRIAL

"For the first, the last, the only time in my life," wrote Clarence Darrow in 1932, "I volunteered my services in a case." This happened in 1925, one year after the Loeb-Leopold case seemed to have brought his career to a climax of usefulness and success. As lawyer for John Scopes, the young teacher who had defied Tennessee law by teaching evolution, the great attorney for the defense won a less somber, but equally brilliant victory, and achieved a new peak of fame. His triumph over bigotry and ignorance is currently celebrated in *Inherit The Wind*, which is repeating here its New York success. The play makes it clear that the end of the Scopes trial was a triumph for Darrow, but sends many spectators home wondering just how the various issues raised were finally worked out, for Darrow stayed with the case well over a year after Bryan's death at the end of the trial in Dayton, Tenn. A lively account of the aftermath of the case appeared in *The Story of My Life*, by Clarence Darrow, copyright 1932 by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, the accompanying extract tells what happened after the court fined Scopes \$100, admitted a defense motion of appeal, and adjourned.

company of soldiers in Nebraska for the Cuban War and was made colonel of the regiment. While the company never got beyond Florida, this activity gave the basis for a burial in Arlington. Perhaps no man is really ever consistent, but it seems passing strange that after years of talks on "The Prince of Peace," and resignation from Woodrow Wilson's Cabinet because of his disapproval of our entrance into the World War, he should, at his own request, at last lie buried in Arlington.

Judge Raulston, not easily daunted, achieved some further glory through speech-making in fundamentalist churches on the evolution question as he saw it. He was eminently qualified; he had never read a line on the subject, and very little on any other, and had held that to teach evolution was a criminal offense in Tennessee and therefore presumably wicked everywhere. But there was no great rush at the box office to attend his lectures, so he went back to his home town in Tennessee, and when his term expired

told on him. The too generous meal, with the thermometer around a hundred degrees, brought on his death. Right after the trial, Mr. Bryan had delivered to the newspaper representatives copies of the address that he had meant to make to the jury, but

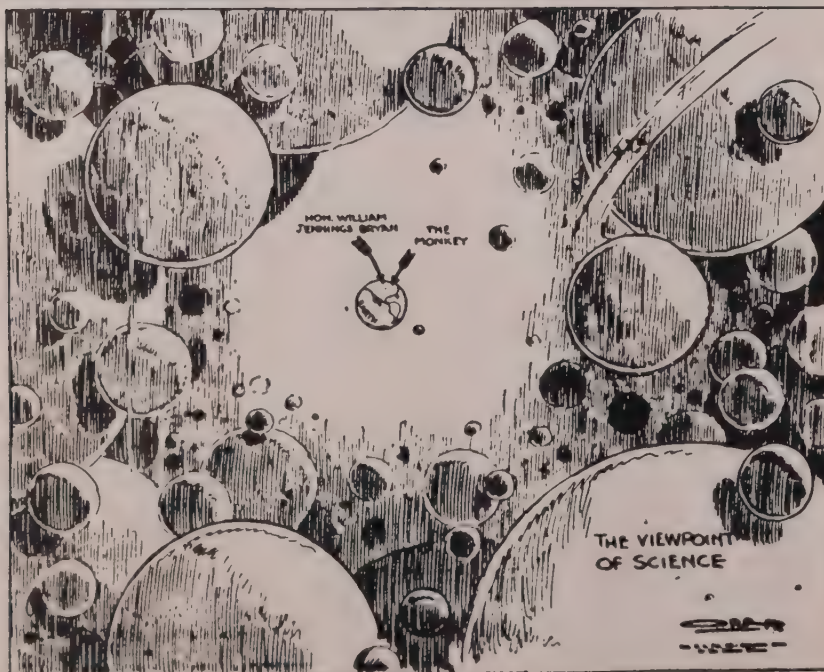
they had declined to carry it. It was loaded with the religious aphorisms that he had revelled in for years.

It developed that he had long desired that when the time came he should be buried in Arlington, in the government cemetery. He had raised a



Trial provided field day for cartoonists, who outdid themselves to upgrade monkeys, downgrade Tennessee and Bryan.

MAYBE THEY AREN'T RELATED, BUT THEY LOOK A LOT ALIKE FROM A DISTANCE



he ran for re-election, but was defeated for nomination. Later he tried to get the nomination for governor of the State as honor and glory for having served the Lord, but was beaten in that lofty ambition. So it was "back to the mines," and he resumed trying replevin cases and collecting bills for the town merchants.

The county superintendent of schools who had employed Mr. Scopes also ran for an office in the autumn after the case was tried. He circulated his cards through the State, which bore the glorious emblem "Prosecutor of John T. Scopes." But Tennessee once more proved itself ungrateful; he was not nominated. Dayton and Tennessee had been given all the notoriety out of the case that it deserved. So the county superintendent, whose name I believe was White, though it might have been Smith or Jones, or even Black, also returned "to the mines," although I believe that he was a carpenter, or perhaps a plumber.

Mr. Bryan lost his hold in Tennessee when he testified in court, but his tragic end, which came so soon after restored him to their hearts. Great throngs of people visited the little house in Dayton to take a last look at their hero. All the people of that section seemed to be at the funeral. Then he was taken by a special car to Arlington. The train stopped at all the towns on the route. It took a long time to make the journey, for everywhere a large concourse of mourning friends stood waiting, sometimes for hours with wreaths and furred flags, in sorrowful remembrance of their lost leader. This outturning of admiration ended only when they laid him in his grave. I am sincere in saying that I am sorry that he could not have seen all this devotion that followed him to his resting place.

Mr. Bryan's friends afterward formed an organization to build a great monument in Washington, in testimony of his labors. It was to be provided with a number of bells which should chime over the city every hour. On the committee were governors of States, senators, congressmen, preachers, and devoted friends and politicians anxious to preserve his name and fame and the causes for which he fought. Secretary Josephus Daniels, of North Carolina, was chairman. But the money was never raised, and the building and tower never adorned Washington, and the chimes never disturbed the sleep of the just who live in Washington.

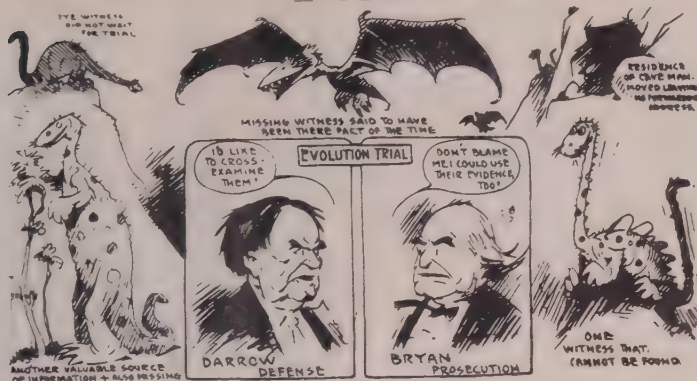
Another organization was formed to build a university in Dayton, to be named for him. Mr. Robinson, whose now-famous drug store occurred the argument that led to the evolution case, was, and probably is, treasurer.

urer of the enterprise. Agents and representatives of this undertaking are scattered over the country. Wide-awake land owners in Dayton donated some forty acres for the site. This is located on a hillside over-looking a very beautiful valley stretching off to the Blue Ridge Mountains beyond. The land donated, however, has no value except for a fundamentalist college and for scenery, and a broad vista of the Bible belt. Somehow, the memorial does not prosper. Dayton has had her day in the sun. In the summer of 1928 I drove through that lovely valley across the old battleground, and was warmly received by many gracious friends who gave me a dinner in the Aqua Hotel, a name more suitable for an oasis in a desert than a hotel in that arid place. My hosts drove me to the grounds of the Bryan University that was to be, a really sightly spot. Here they had dug a deep hole, perhaps a hundred feet wide and two hundred feet long and ten or fifteen feet deep. And this was what there was of the Bryan University. The patrons of fundamentalism had somehow not come through. The trustees were hoping to get something from the Bryan estate, but had been disappointed. The family was slow about tendering the money, but was to donate his library; but it is safe to guess that Bryan's books would be a total loss for any real university. And then, that kind of a school would need only the Oxford Bible. My latest information is that the hole is still there on the lovely hillside, wide enough, long enough and deep enough for a fitting grave for the monster project. Bigotry and opposition to learning are not a good foundation for any university in these modern times.

Eventually I went to Nashville, the capital of Tennessee, to argue the evolution case before the Supreme Court of the State. In addition to the force of lawyers of the Dayton trial, two of the ablest lawyers of Tennessee joined us in the argument. The court extended the time to double the length given by the rules. The State also had new recruits; two of the most important lawyers of Nashville having allied themselves with the prosecution.

Ascending the slope toward the State House, I found the streets full of people, the State House grounds teeming with men and women who wanted to hear the arguments of both sides. As in Dayton, the courthouse and grounds were packed beyond capacity. The court consisted of pleasant, dignified men who did their best to have every one well treated and given as much consideration as was possible with such a throng. The distinguished gentleman who made the closing argument for the prosecution

TRIAL DELAYED—AS USUAL—IMPORTANT WITNESSES HAVE DISAPPEARED.



Cartoons at top of these pages were drawn by Brown of *Daily News*; those at bottom by Orr, whose work still appears in the *Tribune*.

THE PROPOSITION WOULD GET A LOT OF SUPPORT IF THE MONKEYS COULD VOTE ON IT



Darrow in his Near North Side apartment on his 79th birthday, 11 years after the trial. He died two years later.



photographs by International News Photos

spoke of the importance of the case to the people of Tennessee, and about how God-fearing fathers and mothers would feel when their children came home from school infected by this dangerous heresy. He is really an able man, and made a good argument for his side. Perhaps the crowded courtroom filled with his neighbors and friends and admirers inspired him in his closing remarks; at any rate, when he finished there was a general burst of applause through the building, even in the halls and adjoining offices, as might have been expected in Tennessee. But the court, like the rest of us, were no doubt taken by surprise, so let it pass, as it seemed and doubtless was best.

I was selected to close the case, and was given plenty of time. The court and every one else paid the closest possible attention, as I aimed to put the matter plainly and simply without flourishes of any sort. I sympathized with my opponent about the sorrow of fathers and mothers when they found that the children were leaving them behind, but, that was the way of life, and the old have no right to stand in the way of the young. I made no effort at effect, but when I closed I was amazed that the whole room and adjoining offices broke forth in spontaneous applause far greater than had rewarded my opponent, and the court made no sign to check it; the previous outbursts having been allowed to go unnoticed and unremarked, this received the same right.

A year went by before the court handed down a decision. Five judges heard the argument of the case. In the meantime one had died. The opinion was rendered by four. They unanimously decided that the case should be reversed because the court instead of the jury had fixed the fine. Also, they said that there was no reason why Tennessee should be further burdened with the case, and they ordered the attorney general to dismiss it.

However, each judge wrote an opinion as to how he construed the anti-evolution law. Two of them said that the law was constitutional; one of them held that it was unconstitutional; and one held that it was constitutional but had no application to the Scopes case; that it was only meant to forbid the teaching of materialism. But all the opinions were no part of the decision of the case, being what is in law called *obiter dicta*, as the case was reversed and dismissed.

A few months later the National Association for the Advancement of Science met in Nashville. The chief justice referred to the Scopes case in a jocular vein, and told the scientists that they need have no fear over expressing their views on evolution openly in that State.

Tennessee never deserved all the unfavorable notoriety that the fundamentalists brought to it. The legislature that passed the foolish law was not elected for that purpose. No campaign was made on the issue. Very few of the members knew anything about evolution. All they had heard on the subject had come from their local ministers. What they said, of course, did not add to knowledge. The question was suddenly sprung on them while Mr. Bryan was making his campaign against education. No one met the challenge and it went through by default. I met a great many intelligent people in Tennessee who did not believe in the law. There are a great many bright young men and women in the State who are graduates of universities, most of them evolutionists. In fact, there is no other theory to teach regarding the origin of the various animal species, including man. Evolution is absolutely a necessary theory for the physician, or any one who inquires or desires a liberal education.

Tennessee is a Southern State and, like all the South, was almost de-

stroyed by the Civil War and reconstruction, and like the rest of the South, has never recovered from the scourge. The great movements in science and general progress that made the North passed by the South, that was then trying to raise itself out of the ruin and desolation of the war. Tennessee was a border State who sent its quota to both North and South. She was riven with internal discord as well as with war. But, Tennessee is nevertheless farther north than most of the other Southern States. She is rich in natural resources, is very productive, and is already beginning to feel the pulsations of a new life. In natural beauty no State surpasses her. A large proportion of her people live in good-sized towns and cities. There are four really large cities in that State, and these cities contain a large fraction of the residents of Tennessee. Cities always lead the thought and trend and enterprise of the world; but, due to a foolish law, Tennessee is classed all over the world as a backward community. Yet Tennessee cannot much longer be led by the ignorant country preachers, the Holy Rollers, and the other weird sects that flourish in the fastnesses of the lonely mountains and the poverty and undevelopment and mental vacuity that goes with wide distances and deadly isolation. I prophesy that it will be only a few years before the senseless statute will be wiped from her books either by repeal or the decision of a final court.

During the trial of this bizarre case I felt that the attorneys for the defense were sadly misunderstood; in only a limited number of the papers did we get the credit we deserved. We entered this case solely to induce the public to stop, look and listen, lest our public schools should be imperilled with a fanaticism founded on ignorance. We believed that unless the public could be awakened soon it would be too late. Whether history will ever give us credit for accomplishing it I do not care. It can do me no personal good at my time of life, but I feel sure that what we did was right. There is reason now for feeling confident that no more States will permit their fanatics to place them in the position of Tennessee without any pecuniary reward; and in spite of an unpleasant notoriety we accomplished this result.

It is true that many people did not appreciate the peril that confronted the freedom of education, although the sharpshooters of bigotry were picking off its victims in our schools and colleges day after day. I used to sit in the courthouse and note how exactly Mr. Bryan represented the spirit of intolerance that he sat fanning into flame. He had greatly

changed in recent years. The one-time sense of humor that softened his nature had been driven out by disappointments and vain ambitions. In his last days he had the appearance of one who felt the injustice of many defeats and welcomed the chance to get even with an alien world. He did not grow old gracefully. Instead of disarming the enemy with a smile and a joke as once was his wont, he now snarled and scolded when any one stood in the way of his dreams.

I see him now as he sat in Dayton in the country courtroom in those blazing July days. Where was the pleasing smile of his youth which had so often lighted his face and his path? The merry twinkle had vanished from his eyes, his head was entirely bald save for two tufts of bristles back of the ears, his thin lips set in a long straight line across his face, his huge jaw pushed forward, stern and cruel and forbidding, immobile and unyielding as an iron vise. His speculations had ripened into unchangeable convictions. He did not think. He knew. His eyes plainly revealed mental disintegration. He had always been inordinately conceited and self-confident, but he had not been cruel or malignant. But his whole makeup had evidently changed, and now he was a wild animal at bay. I sat watching him. I had known him well in our early years. I told my associates that I could see the rapid decay that had come upon him. He had reached a stage of hallucination that would impel him to commit any cruelty that he believed would help his cause. History is replete with men of this type, and they have added sorrow and desolation to the world.

And yet no right-thinking person can blame them, but can only be sorry for their plight, and combat the spirit of fanaticism and cocksureness that has brought them to such a state. I truly felt sorry for Mr. Bryan. I had to a certain extent followed him through his career, had recognized his idealism and zeal and force, and it was a shock to me to see this concentrated energy and power turned to wormwood and gall through failure and despair and bigotry.

None of the attorneys on our side asked for or wanted any compensation. We raised the money to pay the expenses of the case, and I think each of us paid his own. For myself, I took my household to Tennessee and lived as nearly as I could in the way I did in Chicago. Besides this, I made three trips to New York City and two to Tennessee. I was out not less than two thousand dollars, but I believed that the cause was worth while, and was always glad that I helped.

THE EVOLUTION TRAIL IN TENNESSEE



While the News concentrated on making a monkey of Bryan (above), the Tribune grasped the opportunity to draw a parallel between Tennessee and Red Russia.



Said the ballet master to the policeman: "He was playing Stravinsky in the wrong key. Get him quick before he gets away again."

The thin unshaven young man, wearing a faded navy style pea-coat and carrying a scarred "Genuine Alligator Type" leather clarinet case under one arm, drifted away from a crowd of late shoppers that moved sluggishly south beneath the elevated structure on Wabash avenue. A pair of wire-rimmed eyeglasses sat loosely upon his nose. He stopped every few feet, pushed the lenses up closer to his eyes, glanced around him, and then continued upon his way up the street. A loud-speaker system that hung above the entrance to a cut-rate clothing store in the middle of the block was giving forth a solid jazz selection, and, as the young man came within hearing range of the music, his stride picked up a little in tempo.

He stepped directly into the path of two rather aggressive appearing men who were dressed in sombre shades of gray and black. They were deeply engrossed in conversation, and the young man overheard an occasional phrase.

"Operation at 94.8 percent of rated capacity—", said one of them.

"Contributing substantially to the strong upward trend—", said the other, a moment or two later.

At this last remark, the young man giggled, and the two men threw him a hostile glance. The young man looked away, but made no move to

clear a path. The two men paused, fixed their gaze upon the window of a florist shop and continued their conversation. Each word was uttered stiffly, in funereal tones, as though a lack of proper deference to rock-solid security fundamentals might result in the guilty person's immediate disappearance from the face of the earth. The young man looked again, out of the corner of his eye. He decided he was more impressed by their hair than by anything else about them. He envied its cool, clean, close-cut look. It reminded him of a feeling of security he had felt when he was in service, watching the endless well-mowed lawns of Lake Forest and Glencoe flow past the window of the North Shore

Electric on his way back to Great Lakes after a night in Chicago. He had felt then that someday he would have one of those lawns. It had given him a sense of peace to know that they were there, and that someday he might have one. The two men moved from their position at the window, bearing down upon him strong and determined and uncompromising. The young man moved to one side, quickened his step to let them pass unchallenged.

He sought refuge in the doorway of a contemporary furniture shop and produced a half-empty bottle of sherry wine from his inside coat pocket. The bottle still had the green liquor store paper wrapped tightly around the bottom part. He removed the wrap-

SHERRY FLIP



illustrated by Carl Schranz

a story

by James Hamrick

ping, crumpled it into a tight ball, and took a basketball pot shot at the gutter. He moved backward into the shelter of the entrance, put the bottle to his lips and finished the contents. He stooped and propped the empty bottle against the door of the shop.

Straightening up, he rested his back against the shop window and shifted his weight to one foot. The other foot, he placed flat against the glass and raised his knee so that his thigh created a lever surface. Upon this surface he put his clarinet case and snapped open the two silver catches.

Left-hand joint, right-hand joint, bell, barrel, ligature, two number-three Ciccone reeds, a chamois on a string and his Brillhardt four mouth-

piece. Everything was there, the pawnshop clerk hadn't taken anything out when he went back to dust it off and to get the unemployment check okayed. In a few minutes he would go upstairs to one of the little practice studios on Wabash and play for a few hours. He closed the case, pushed it firmly up under his arm and shuffled across Van Buren street.

On the other side, he paused to wait for the light before crossing Wabash, and removed his glasses. He pinched the bridge of his nose though it did not bother him, feeling that this was the proper action to accompany the removal of spectacles. He looked up and the difference in the effect of the world upon his vision was frightening. A thin cold rain had been falling steadily and without his glasses the atmosphere around him looked like whirling bits of grayish metal dust. The pavement of the sidewalk shimmered black, except in the places where people stepped, in those places it looked green like rotted cheese. Patches of bright color moved swiftly by him on either side.

He closed his eyes and listened to the sound of the Loop; the sound that seemed so anguished and unhealthy, and yet a sound that stimulated so much excitement within him. The

automobile horns were laying down a solid foundation of crashing brass. Elevated trains were rattling a wood-block scherzo overhead. And dimly, from the north, the Temple building chimes tinkled from the ceiling of the city, like slivers of glass hanging from a chandelier.

Suddenly, someone took hold of his arm. He could just barely make out the shape of a young girl, and it seemed to him as though a curtain of tinsel thread had parted and she had walked right out of the middle of the rain. He staggered behind her, amazed. She held on to his arm all the way across the street, talking to him in a steady stream of scattered impressions. The things she said gave him the vague feeling that this was all very correct and natural.

"My name is Kerna," she said. "And I'm of French descent. And I didn't take your arm because I thought you couldn't have made it yourself. I took it because you looked so lonely and childlike standing there all alone in the rain. Did you have your thought pressed against the reflection of something?" She laughed. "What am I thinking of, you wouldn't know anything about that. It was something my father used to say to me. Kerna, he said, don't press your nose against the

windowpane, it's dirty and you'll come away with a smudge. Find the reflection, dear, and press your nose against that."

She stopped talking as they reached the other side. The young man put on his glasses and looked at her. She was extremely pretty, but there was a shocked expression upon her face.

"My name is Will—" the young man started.

"My God!" she said. "You're not blind at all, and here I thought—why did you let me lead you across the street like that? You must think I'm completely mad."

She turned suddenly and hurried away. The young man tried to call after her.

"But I didn't—I—" he called. She was too far away to hear him.

Not moving, he stood and looked after her. He took a step, finally. It was a much greater effort than it had been before. He shrugged, appraised his reflection in the window of a men's clothing shop, took several steps farther south and entered a small bar.

Inside the air was warm and smelled of Hungarian cooking, perfumed tobacco and stale beer. The young man trembled in the sudden heat. It seemed much colder this year than his memory of Octobers in the past. Opening the top button of his peacoat, he walked to the package counter at the rear of the room.

"Can I help you, lad?" The clerk's face was white and pitted with little acne scars. Beneath his nose was sprinkled a thin mustache that clung to his upper lip like flecks of brown soot.

"A pint of Lombardo sherry," said the young man, his voice broke slightly on the last word.

The clerk's words were firm and confident. "Can you show me some identification?"

THE YOUNG MAN dug in the pocket of his coat and produced a small cardboard box upon which was printed the words, ACE PLAYING CARDS 52. He opened the flap and poured the contents of the box onto the counter. There was an age-blackened silver coin with the message, "Leopold Premier Roi Des Belges" printed in a circle around the edge. In the middle of the coin was affixed the denomination, Ten Centimes. A gold medal lay between two cigarette butts. Junior National Barn Dance Harmonica Champion, 1943, it read. There was a crumpled dollar bill and five restaurant checks. A letter that had been creased many times, bearing the seal of the Chicago State hospital lay next to the silver coin. The young man selected one of the restaurant

checks carefully and handed it to the clerk.

The clerk hesitated a moment then fumbled in his shirt pocket and removed a pair of rimless spectacles. He adjusted these, took a deep breath and began to read the scribbling aloud.

"Man's epitaph is a useless ontology, man's effort a pitiful travesty." He read, stopped, put the paper down and looked at the young man bewildered.

The young man waited for the clerk to continue. When he stood silent, the young man picked up where he had left off and finished the sentence. "His need, the shattering of madness, and his grave a lofty goal."

RETURNING THE PIECE of paper carefully to the exact spot from which the young man had taken it, the clerk looked very closely at his customer. He began to speak rapidly.

"Perhaps you didn't understand me, son," he said. "I meant eye-dee, like your draft card or voters ticket or something."

"That's who I am," argued the young man.

The clerk walked swiftly around to the front of the counter and started in the direction of the bartender. "Oh, Al, Al, come back here a minute, will you?"

The young man felt frightened. He fixed his attention upon the clerk's back as he moved forward. It was a hunched, beaten back, more so than his own, and it was searching for some authority, some way to restore order to a system rendered useless by the young man's unwillingness to comply. He wanted to strike out, as he had wanted to strike out at the man from the employment agency who told him he would have to lie about the time he had spent in a mental hospital, and at the interviewers later at the factories who had not had the courage to tell him the reason why they would not employ him.

"Well, you know how it is," one of them had said to him, as though they shared some kind of secret knowledge.

He had looked the man directly in the eye. "I know how what is?"

Sensing a difficult situation, the interviewer had dismissed him quickly. "We need a stronger man, I'm sorry."

The young man struck back at them suddenly. Reaching across the counter, he strained upward, his hand groping over the liquor shelf. The first bottle he touched, the only one within reach, was a bottle of Taylor's New York sherry. It wasn't what he wanted and he almost put it back. The clerk was talking rapidly, in a low whisper to the bartender. The young man wanted to reach back across the coun-

ter and rid himself of the bottle, but he was afraid he would be seen or that he might knock something off the shelf. He put the bottle inside his jacket, buttoned it up to the neck and walked quickly to the door. He was in the street when he heard someone back in the bar shout: "Did you see that kid, Al? He stole something while Charley was talking to you."

He could feel the pressure of the people in the bar swinging into action in back of him. He began to run. He ran a few steps, turned to see if they were chasing him and smashed headlong into an old man carrying an accordion. The two of them went down together, the old man twisting and turning to protect his instrument, the boy trying to hold on to him to keep from falling and unable to use his arms freely because of the clumsy objects he carried under each armpit. The accordion fell across the old man's stomach unfolding a mournful cry as the air escaped. There was a tin cup attached to the folds of the accordion and it rattled against the plastic keyboard like pellets ricocheting through a shooting gallery. He helped the old man to his feet.

"Are you hurt?" he asked. "I'm sorry, but I'm being chased. I'm being chased by some people."

The young man took one last helpless brush at the old man's clothes and started to run up the street again.

"I'm not hurt," the old man called after him. "Wait a minute, I want to talk to you."

The young man continued to run. He ran half a block south, turned into the doorway of a studio building and started up a long flight of stairs. He tripped twice on the way up. Stopping finally, he counted to five, forced his legs to move slowly and carefully and continued up the stairs without mishap. On the second floor of the building he entered a large bare room with a brass rail extending around three of the walls. He stood just inside the door, listening to see if there was anyone following him. He heard no sound from the direction of the stairway. He felt satisfied that no one had seen him come up to the rehearsal room. He took the bottle of sherry from under his armpit and looked around. There was a stage set against the fourth wall of the room.

The young man sat down in a corner next to the stage and uncorked the bottle of wine. He took a long drink, set the bottle down, opened his clarinet case and put his instrument together. Removing his glasses, he wet one of his reeds, affixed it to the mouthpiece and began to play.

The sound of many people talking invaded the dream he was dreaming

and he set his instrument down, leaning it against the stage. He could see only shadows but he could tell by the sound of their voices that a ballet troupe had entered the hall. The dancers were taking their positions at the bar. The young man was hidden from sight by the stage.

The instructor stood in the center of the room holding a large wooden pole. He tapped the pole upon the floor three times, shouted something that sounded like "On Tray Shah" at the dancers and they whirled into motion.

They were using music from Stravinsky's *Scenes De Ballet*. The young man tried to follow the clarinet part. He strayed occasionally from the composer's line, and when this happened the ballet master would stop the dancers and start them again. The moving figures and their shadows surged around him and the young man felt that he was inside some kind of strange machine. The pistons rose and fell, rose and fell. Suddenly, the young man screamed chromatically down to the low E on the horn. All motion ceased. There was dead silence, then he felt someone cross the room.

"Crazy! Crazy! Crazy!" The ballet master stood above him, shouting. Some of the dancers giggled. They scurried like a flock of frightened birds to join their leader.

"Nutty, nutty, nutty," the man continued. "Where did you come from, my little nut?"

The young man looked up at the grotesque shadow. "You look like a piston rod. A piston rod covered with axle grease."

This time it was the ballet master who screamed. "Come here, Harold. Hold this little nut here while I call the police."

The young man rose from the floor and put on his glasses. He took his instrument apart, put each piece into the case, and looked at the people standing around him.

She was standing at the rear of the group. Kerna, the girl who had led him across Wabash avenue. She was wearing a grey leotard and black jersey sweater, and she looked uncomfortable, as though she had been caught doing something that was not considered quite correct. As the young man noticed her, she spoke.

"He was down on Wabash Avenue this evening," she said to Harold. "Pretending he was blind. He made me lead him across the street."

Harold turned away to talk to the girl. "My God! Panhandling and pretending to be disabled. And we've got him for breaking and entering, that's a penitentiary offense."

"But it was open. The studio was open. And I only wanted some place to practice my instrument," the young

man cried.

"Don't be silly, we never leave the studio open." Harold turned to look for support from the ballet master. "We haven't--"

The young man thrust his bottle deep into his jacket pocket, took a tight hold on his clarinet case and made a break for the window. Several of the dance people moved in his direction, but they were too slow. Before they could reach him, he had the window open and had leaped lightly through. He hadn't looked to see what was below the window and he had expected to crash on to the pavement in the alley. He landed about three feet below the windowsill on an old fashioned cantilever fire-escape. His weight set it in motion and he descended slowly and grandly to the alley. Kerna and Harold stood at the window. The young man waved to them and blew Kerna a kiss.

AS THE YOUNG MAN stepped from the bottom of the fire escape, a ragged figure moved from one of the doorways. It was the old accordionist. He reached out and took the young man's arm.

"I wasn't hurt", he said, "I wanted you to know that, and I've been waiting here to tell you. Waiting here at the bottom of the escape."

The young man took the bottle of sherry from his pocket and removed the cork. He passed it to the old man, who took it and drank off some of the liquid.

"Let's not finish it here," said the old man. "I know a better place." He took the young man's hand and led him down the alley.

They passed a man who was urinating in a doorway. Several ragged couples were strolling arm in arm down the alley. There were small signs on each of the back doors, giving a terse description of the kind of business being carried on in each of the buildings. A dense grey fog closed in around them, and the young man realized suddenly that he was in the back door culture, that he might live the rest of his life in these small spaces at the rear of everything, at the rear, where all the sordid business was transacted, where the pressure of keeping up a sterile facade was relieved and the debris that accumulates upon the edges of any pronounced duplicity is allowed to escape where it is hidden and will cause no concern.

"Why were you waiting for me?" the young man asked, after they had walked for a long time.

"Because you were being chased and still you stopped to help me. And, I suppose, because you're someone to wait for." He stopped in front of a doorway above which a flickering

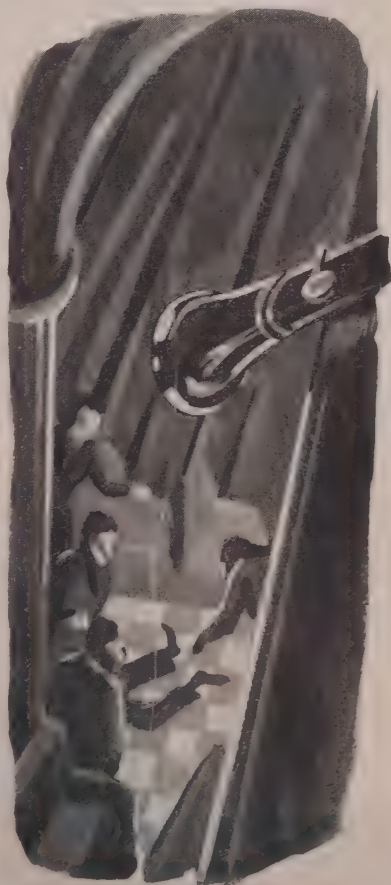
neon sign was suspended.

The sign flickered off and on casting deep red shadows upon the old accordionist's face. CHURCH OF GOD, the sign read. CHURCH OF GOD, blank, CHURCH OF GOD, blank, CHURCH OF GOD. They entered the doorway and proceeded through a maze of bare rooms to a flight of stairs. The stairs reached upward into the center of the church like a gnarled black arm. They climbed and climbed. The old man's breath came in short, fast gasps, and by the time they emerged into the organ loft his face was white and strained.

"My name is Jerome," he said, opening several switches on the organ. "I am part-time organist here. Come, and we'll play something. Some Strauss perhaps, the Death and Transfiguration."

The young man removed the stopper from the bottle of sherry, took a long drink and passed it to the old man. The old man drank off about half the bottle and passed it back. He pulled out one or two stops and began to play. The young man put together his clarinet and joined in with him.

They played for a long time. The music moved through ecstasy, agony, and finally, when they had reached a point where the acceptance of serenity was indicated, the young man stopped playing. He put his instrument care-



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WGN

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MONDAY THRU SATURDAY



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MUSIC, NEWS
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WGN
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fully upon the organ, drank off a quarter of the cherry left in the bottle and passed it to Jerome. The old man looked what was left and unscrewed the empty bottle on the rail of the organ loft. Some of the liquor splattered the rail leaving patches of liquid glistening across the surface as though it were covered with ice.

"Follow me," said Jerome.

The young man picked up his instrument, removed his glasses and began to play again. No sound came from the organ. He put on his glasses and looked around the loft. Jerome was gone and the organ was closed.

A beam of bright light cut through the dark church and a coarse voice shouted: "There he is up there in the loft."

The young man looked frantically over the rail. In the light from the policeman's flashlight the church was a weird kaleidoscope of extreme black and white. He saw the liquor clerk, the ballet master, Harold and Jerome, and several of the dancers from the ballet studio.

"He was pretending to be blind so people would take pity on him," shouted Jerome.

"He had no identification," shouted the clerk.

The ballet master entered: "He was playing Stravinsky in the wrong key. Get him quick before he gets away again."

The young man moved slowly, but he never felt the two wings of a huge trapped bird. He climbed to the rail that enclosed the organ loft.

"Sanctuary," he screamed, and the scream rang through the church like a shofar.

"Save!" He managed to say again before his foot slipped on the wet spot where Jerome had smashed the wine bottle. He didn't scream again. There was very little sound to it at all. A slight murmur as his body passed through the air and a dull thud as his body struck the front pew. The impact of his body started the air in the organ pipes and a chord reverberated and through the church.

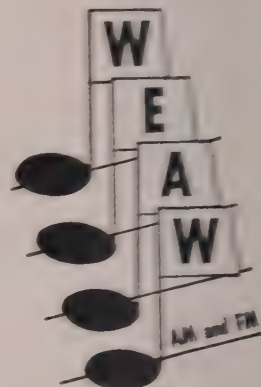
Pastor John Elias Ostrom was the first to reach him. He bent over the crumpled figure and felt for a pulse. Suddenly, he removed a pair of broken spectacles from the boy's closed fist. He wiped his chin with them and handed them to his superior, Sergeant Mulvaney.

"What the hell do you suppose he broke into a church for?" he asked the sergeant.

The sergeant looked at the spectacles then answered laughing: "He must have been looking for God."

The sergeant's laughter thundered again and again through the church. ■

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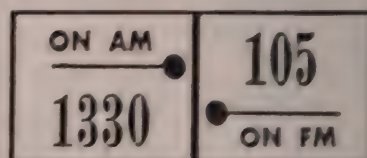
WEAW

Your

good

music

station



Emil Margiotta, who has an Italian program on WSBC, met Gina Lollabrigida in high voltage fashion at a cocktail party in New York.



Sixteen Tongues

Disc jockeys sell everything from Cadillacs to corsets to 3,500,000 listeners in every language from Spanish to Ukrainian — except English.

by Albert N. and Estera F. Votaw

Along the upper end of the dial, where Frankie Yankovic is king and the commercials are largely unintelligible to a listener limited to English, lie some of the city's most fascinating radio programs. Announcers talk in Polish, Italian, Spanish, Czech, Slovak, German, Ukrainian, Russian, Greek, Lithuanian, Swedish, Croatian, Serbian, Slovenian, Rumanian and Yiddish.

But they fall back on pure Yankee when the need arises: "Oldsmobile rocketu motoru" (Lithuanian), "anti-Bolsheviku blocu" (Ukrainian), "sweat shirts" (Polish), "reverse charges" (Croatian), "chicken und turkey fur das Thanksgiving dinner" (German), "bumpertol bumperig" (bumper to bumper in Hungarian), and "bargain basement" (you name it).

Oft-heard on that end of the dial are the polka and the Neapolitan love

song, genre *O Sole Mio*.

Occasionally strains of *Alexander's Rag Time Band* (with lyrics in Hungarian), *The Music Goes Round and Round* (Czech), *Whispering* (Lithuanian) and *Let Me Go, Lover* (German) mingle with the folk music and the fox trots (circa 1930) in a welter of culture contacts.

MORE THAN ANY OTHER disc jockey, the foreign-language announcer is restricted by the tastes of his audience. Since he makes money playing requests commemorating anniversaries or deaths, he comes up repeatedly with the same tunes. There are, for instance, about seven old favorites which Peter Pavichevich plays every Sunday on his hour-long Serbian broadcast over WWCA in Gary. It leaves him little time for other records, including 300 he recently imported from Yugoslavia and which presumably would interest his audience. Sponsored by the Serbian National Defense Council of America (an organization composed of former officers and sympathizers of the royalist army of deposed King Peter of Yugoslavia), Pavichevich's program includes a radio club whose members get free commercials and/or social announcements in return for yearly dues.

These microphone personalities often operate on a "brokerage" plan which works roughly like this: time is sold to the announcer, who sells it in turn, at a profit, to advertisers. Recently, however, stations have made a policy of retaining the time, and the announcer-broker has been transformed into a program director responsible to the management. This is true in the city's two oldest, foreign-language stations: WGES, founded in 1924 and the largest of its kind (5,000 watts) west of New York city; and WSBC, on the air since 1925.

What has emerged from the switch is the variety show with something for everybody: news, music (folk, classical and popular, both on records and live), talks, skits, readings and free public service announcements (almost 30 per cent of the air time in 1955).

The conscientious program manager in an effort to please all of the people all of the time—even occasionally multi-lingual audiences speaking allied tongues—faces a number of problems, not the least of them requests from listeners who want to hear the ribald ballads of their youth, like a well-known "folk" song about Marika, who ran off to sea with a sailor. Her lover sings of her beauty, comparing parts of his ship to the various attributes of his beloved: "Are those sails we see overhead? No, they are the underpants

of Marika."

Foreign-language broadcasting started 28 years ago and grew rapidly during the Depression as a way in which hard-pressed stations could pick up revenue. It reached its peak around 1940, and has since declined. This reduction among independent stations has been somewhat modified by the discovery of the Negro audience. On WGES in 1955, for example, more than half the broadcast day was devoted to programs by and for Negroes.

It is said that foreign-language programs help Americanize new arrivals in their own language. During the late 30s, some programs seemed more concerned with drumming up support for the policies of the homeland than making new citizens. Current practices are a combination of simple nostalgia for the old country and the honored techniques of American radio. Commercials, for example, are regarded as an Americanizing influence in themselves; they come as something of a shock to the new immigrant, accustomed to non-commercial, state-financed radio. But these commercials are concerned chiefly with directing the new arrival to stores specializing in European-style food, clothing and furniture. Some merchants have created lucrative businesses selling mainly to new arrivals. (Other advertisers are differently motivated: one sponsor reportedly doesn't even care if his business is mentioned, as long as he can hear the music of his homeland every Sunday).

IN THE EARLY DAYS of radio, only English-language broadcasts were authorized. A couple of brothers named Klein—Julius, who later became a high-powered public relations operative and a figure in the MacArthur-Taft wing of Republican politics, and William—got the regulations changed. Brother William launched the Germania Broadcast, first foreign-language program in the country and for 28 years a local fixture. Now heard daily on WGES, the program is organized with Teutonic thoroughness. Music from the Danube, from the Rhineland, folk songs, operetta tunes, dance music—each is assigned a regular night, and introduced by the pure Berlin accent of Franz Gerstenberg who drives—*natürlich!*—a Volkswagen.

Foreign-language broadcasting differs from the ordinary kind in the proportion of turnover between programs. Every hour or half hour, to the delight of advertisers, the station changes its audience completely. Each language group listens to its programs with an intensity unparalleled among audiences, and some of the programs have been carried on the same time and station for more than a quarter

of a century. According to program director Herbert Rudolph, audience loyalty is so great that WGES presents a solid bloc of foreign-language programs during the "good" television hours of early evening.

Estimates of the size of the foreign-language audience here range as high as three and one-half million, including second or third generation, and many who understand but cannot speak the language. Announcers like Swedish Nils Rudstrom and Croatian John Maidek, both of WGES, in consideration of the last group, give some commercials in English.

THE LARGEST SINGLE GROUP is, of course, of Polish extraction. The number and variety of programs on the Polish circuit, goes from polka parades through variety shows to newscasters and such personalities as Dr. Walter Sikora, whose half-hour discourses on WGES have earned him the sobriquet "the Polish Paul Gibson." Over WSBC Marisha Data, an operatic contralto (she studied with Rosa Raisa), who has never been nearer Poland than the Battery, conducts a variety program that covers most of the Polish cultural tradition. And early-bird listeners tune in on the familiar voices of Adele and Zbigniew George (The Mustache) Jaworowski, who have been on WGES for 26 years, featuring time, weather reports, news and music (popular American and Polish). Women announcers, by the way, are much more common in Europe than in the U. S.; hence the comparative frequency with which women's voices are heard reading news and commercials on the upper end of the radio dial.

In Hungarian broadcasting Frank J. Kovach holds a monopoly through his program on WGES. Two years ago he survived a challenge by a well-known Hungarian character actor and comedian, a refugee from nazism, who started a high-class competing program on another station. But culture was no match for Kovach's warm potpourri of Gypsy fiddlers, operetta tunes and lachrymose standbys like *Gloomy Sunday* (once banned from the Hungarian radio because despondent citizens were taking their lives to the accompaniment of its sob-soaked strains).

The city not only has the oldest foreign-language station in the country; it has also what may be the smallest. (Although there are smaller stations, they are for the most part located in little communities without a foreign-born population). WCRW, which shares the same frequency with WEDC and WSBC, operates on 100 watts five hours daily from the penthouse of the North Side hotel in which owner Clinton White lives. White, a

radio and wireless engineer for 46 years, built most of the station equipment, including one transmitter, in his own miniscule toolshop.

All-Spanish programs like Luis Carlo Uribe's are growing in popularity, not only because of the recent Mexican, Puerto Rican influx. "Cha-cha-cha" and other Latin American music attracts listeners, as does the opportunity for a refresher course in Spanish II.

Uribe's audience is young in terms of years in the United States. Listeners to most other programs came here prior to the passage of the Immigration Act of 1924, and have been diminishing in number with the years. Recent arrivals, DPs, have created both a new audience and new problems. Karl Vrzal of WSBC who estimates that 60 per cent of his Bohemian listeners are elderly persons, frankly credits the DPs with providing a "shot in the arm" for his program. But many of the newer arrivals are professional people or better educated than the majority of older immigrants, and there is a difference in taste and outlook between them. The newcomers in general have a tendency to be more didactic, more "highbrow" and less prone to sentimentalize the old country.

Pavichevich says that his older listeners request almost exclusively Serbian folk tunes played by *tamburica* bands (the *tamburica* is a small, high-pitched string instrument which is picked like a banjo); the newer arrivals ask for guitar and accordion renditions of popular tunes. The older listeners to Fred Wald's Jewish program on WSBC call repeatedly for liturgical and folk songs; the younger group wants music from Israel. And other announcers report a similar difference in musical requests.

There is also a language problem. Years of speaking in America have impaired the purity of the tongue and resulted in the introduction of many American words. There are terms in all languages to describe the parts of an automobile, for example; but the old listeners only recognize them in English. And newcomers have been known to complain that there is so much English they cannot understand what is being said.

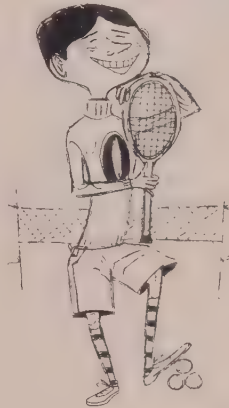
If many of the finer points of foreign-language broadcasting are lost to the purely English-speaking listener, the music most certainly is not. Among the fan letters received by Peter Pavichevich was one from a farmer in Valparaiso, Indiana. He and his wife hurry home from church every Sunday to catch the broadcast, he wrote. They can't understand a word of what he says, but man! do they love that music. ■

As We Were



75 YEARS AGO. Hyde Park was billing itself as the world's largest village on the basis of area in April, 1881, and considering adopting a city government. Extending from 39th to 138th street and from State to Lake Michigan and the Indiana line, it had a population of 15,724, seventh highest among Illinois municipalities. . . . In celebration of April Fool's Day, Chapin and Gore's saloon on Monroe street served a free lunch of "fried oysters" filled with cotton batting and salad containing chips of shoe leather. . . . Sprague's Olympic theater at Clark and Randolph presented a revue featuring "Four genuine Hindoos, the only real actual genuine nautch dancers now before the American public, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding."

50 YEARS AGO. "Bathhouse John" Coughlin was elected alderman in April, 1906, thereby joining his friend "Hinky-Dink" Kenna in representing the first ward in the city council. . . . A 16-year-old girl was killed when hit on the head by an 800-pound beam being hoisted for the addition to the Boston Store under construction at State and Madison. . . . Kreigh Collins, the leading local tennis player, was named to the American team trying to wrest the Davis cup from England. . . . Hugo Friend and James D. Lightbody of the University of Chicago scored points for the American track and field team in the Olympic games at Athens. . . . More than \$500,000 was raised to send relief trains to San Francisco earthquake victims.



25 YEARS AGO. In April, 1931, the city received its first oriental monarch as the king of Siam stopped over with his wife enroute to Washington. . . . A huge 2,600-year old Assyrian sculpture of a bull was installed in the new Oriental institute at the University of Chicago. . . . Democrat Anton J. Cermak was elected mayor over incumbent "Big Bill" Thompson by 667,529 votes to 475,613, a record-breaking plurality. . . . A dean at Northwestern university ordered removal from the campus of signs with a picture of a coed clad only in a barrel advertising the annual water circus. This incident closely followed suspension of the campus magazine, the *Purple Parrot*, for satirizing the Garrett Biblical institute.



JUSTICE IN THE RAW

Comedy and pathos abound in the human drama
acted out every day through the world's largest court.

illustrated by Art Lerner



by Alan Whitney

A lot of deprecatory remarks have been made about the Shuberts in recent years, but so far nobody has denied that they run the largest theatrical chain in town. However, that is about to be changed—in the next paragraph.

The fact is that the Shuberts do not run the largest theatrical chain in town. The city runs one which is bigger by any criterion. It has more than a thousand employes and about three dozen houses; it gives more than three million shows and clears in ex-

cess of one million dollars a year—despite the fact that its performances take place chiefly in the morning. Furthermore, there is no charge to get in—although a fee is often exacted for egress.

To acknowledge the technical fact, this thespian empire isn't primarily a theatrical chain. It is the Municipal Court of Chicago, the largest single tribunal in the world. But in the process of dispensing justice over a broad field of jurisdiction, it harbors more comedy, tragedy, pathos, bathos, melodrama and twisted plots in a week than do the Shubert theaters—plus the Balaban and Katz statuary and cinema galleries—in a year.

Like the better movie houses, the court stages some of its attractions in foreign languages—leaning, however, more toward Polish and Spanish than toward Italian and French. Its church pew seats compare favorably with the furniture provided by the Shuberts. Its only real competitive disadvantage lies in the fact that the trials are typically conducted directly in front of the bench where nobody but the participants and the press can hear what's going on. Any citizen can sit in on a session of any court, but in effect the trials would be just as public if they were held in the vault of the First National bank.

The Municipal court was estab-



lished by referendum in 1906, when it became clear that this turbulent city could no longer make do with the comic-opera justice-of-the-peace system of minor jurisprudence still in vogue in most of Illinois. The court was given broader jurisdiction than is possessed by its counterparts in other large cities. It can handle all cases involving violation of city ordinances, all criminal charges below the level of felonies, all traffic cases except the most serious ones, and many kinds of civil suits—including contract cases, personal injury actions up to the value of \$5,000, suits for delinquent personal property taxes up to \$1,000, and rent and eviction cases. Among the things it can't do are grant divorces, probate estates, try felonies, and handle large personal injury and tax default cases.

Of the vast staff the court uses to handle its work, 39 members are elected. And since they are chosen by voters within the city limits, they are all Democrats. The elective officers are a chief justice, a clerk, a bailiff and 36 associate judges. The chief justice is responsible for general administration of the court's functions and for the operation of its psychiatric institute and social service division. The clerk and his hundreds of deputy clerks keep the records of all court proceedings and decisions. The bailiff has a similar number of deputy bailiffs, who are charged with keeping order in the courtrooms, escorting prisoners and generally carrying out the orders of the judges. The associate judges sit on the multiple benches and try the varied cases brought before the court.

In addition to these officials, each criminal courtroom is assigned an assistant corporation counsel and an assistant state's attorney, who serve as prosecutors for the city and the state, respectively.

The manifold activity of the Munic-

ipal court takes place in not one but 13 locations around town. Nine of these are courtrooms in outlying police stations, which handle general cases arising in the areas where they are located. The new Traffic Center at 321 north La Salle houses all of the traffic courts, including the "cafeteria" one formerly located at Navy Pier for offenders who plead guilty and pay their fines over the counter without ever seeing a judge.

Three branches of the Municipal court are located in the Criminal Courts building at 26th and California. One handles narcotics cases. Another is called felony court but does not handle felonies, since they are outside the province of the Municipal court. Instead the judge hears cases in which it is thought that a felony may have been committed. He may decide that a felony has probably occurred, and refer the defendant to the grand jury for possible indictment. He may rule that only a misdemeanor has taken place and try the case himself. Or he may dismiss it. The third Municipal court at this location considers those few cases in which the accused requests a jury trial—the vast majority of defendants in the city court accept "bench" trials, in which the judge and jury are one man.

The City Hall has 15 courtrooms where general civil cases are tried, and two for personal property tax suits. It also has a housing court, in which violations of the building code are aired, and a business license court where merchants accused of short-weighting and other sharp practices have their day.

The building at 1121 south State houses four branches of the court, as well as central police headquarters. Juvenile offenders go to boys' court and female defendants to women's court—unless they are accused of felonies or narcotics violations. Domestic relations court handles family squabbles of various kinds. Rackets court takes care of gambling and confidence game charges, as well as general cases arising in the Central police district. On Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, when all of the other courts are closed, holiday court is in session at 11th and State. Here every kind of case may be heard in order that newly-arrested defendants need not languish in custody until the other courts reopen.

The balance between comedy and tragedy varies sharply among the branches of the Municipal court. Nothing very amusing is likely to be seen in narcotics or felony court. On the other hand, those branches which handle relatively minor cases, while not devoid of the sad and sobering, lean heavily toward the more gro-

tesque phases of the human comedy.

The latter arms of the court housed the trials and parts of trials hereinafter described. The incidents related are not atypical ones chosen selectively from a period of months or years; they all happened within the space of four days.

HOLIDAY COURT was visited first. The presiding judge here was Joseph A. Power, a handsome, boyish-looking man with hair parted neatly on one side and combed across. He wore a judicial robe and spoke in soft, even tones.

Most of the 200-odd seats in the courtroom were occupied, and several policemen waiting to testify leaned against the wall by the windows to the left of the bench. At the right, near a door leading to the lockup, stood a group of about 20 men best described as motley.

A sign on the wall behind the bench cautioned defendants that professional bail bondsmen are prohibited from charging more than \$10 on the first \$100 and \$5 on each succeeding \$100 to \$1,000.

Few of the defendants and witnesses called Judge Power "Your Honor," but most of them did give him a courteous "sir." The policemen were similarly polite, referring to the people they had arrested as "this gentleman" or "this lady"—except in the case of drunks, who were usually called by their first names.

A serviceman in civilian clothes came to the bench, accompanied by a city cop, a military policeman and a shore patrolman. "The squad give me some heat," he told the judge. "After that I got perturbed and I gave the officers some heat and I got those tickets." Asked whether he had been drinking, he said, "I had five beers," a statement which was greeted with amused skepticism by his escorts. His case was continued for a hearing in traffic court later that week.

A clerk who stood to the judge's left looked at the group near the door to the lockup and said, "All you men raise your hands." After they had complied, he boomed, declaratively rather than interrogatively, "You do solemnly swear by the ever-lovin' God to tell the truth." Only a few of them muttered concurrence, but they were all brought forward, singly or in groups, to be heard.

A case was then called ahead of its place on the docket because the policeman involved had a dental appointment. He displayed a rifle and testified that the defendant had been arrested while brandishing it drunkenly in front of an automobile agency on Devon avenue. He quoted the accused as having explained, "I'm or

guard duty."

The prisoner said he had had a dispute with the people at the agency and had tried to report them to the Rogers Park police but had been told to go to the Summerdale station. (Devon is the boundary street between the two police districts.)

The policeman pointed out that the rifle had no bolt in it and could not have been fired. The case was continued, and a \$5 bond set. The prisoner was unable to produce that amount and asked if he could mail it in. "We don't run a mail order house here," Judge Power reminded him.

A parade of drunks then began. A policeman stood by with a stack of cards, telling the judge how often he had encountered each defendant. "He's one of my regulars," the cop might say, or, "This is a new one to me." Generally the first offenders were released and the repeaters given short terms in the Bridewell, the city jail at 28th and California officially named the House of Correction.

In some cases men who looked like they needed lodging were given a choice. A little wrinkled fellow with his suit held together by a safety pin pleaded, "I live 45 years in Chicago."

"You want to go or you want to stay?" the policeman asked him.

He mumbled a desire to leave, but failed to notice the judge's gesture indicating that he could do so. One of the bailiffs turned him toward the door and said, "Go on, go on." He shuffled out, breathing hard.

By now the group of prisoners had been disposed of and a new and equally unsightly contingent was led in and given the oath to "the ever-lovin' God" by the clerk.

"How can you be loitering when you're walking?" asked one with an obvious aptitude for the law.

A little round tippler with the unlikely name of Patrick Malarkey was asked whether he had a job.

"No," said Patrick Malarkey.

"Well, how do you live?" asked Judge Power.

"Not very well," said Patrick Malarkey.

A chubby youth from Sioux City, Iowa, came before the bench with his accuser, a member of the staff of the Hyde Park YMCA, who testified that he had found him prowling around the locker room.

Asked why he was there, the defendant said, "I had to go through the locker room to get to the restaurant."

"Nobody else has to," the judge pointed out.

The accused then related that he had been visiting with the pastor of a nearby church who had been "explaining certain parts of the Bible" to him.

"Then I had a fall," he continued, "and I went to the YMCA to dry my socks."

"Why didn't you tell them what you were going to do?" the judge asked.

"Well, the YMCA is supposed to be a Christian organization," said the man from Sioux City, "but if I had asked to dry my socks, I don't think they'd have let me."

The judge instructed the city prosecutor to call the pastor and ask him what he knew about his alleged pupil. The prosecutor reported back that the pastor's secretary recommended mental treatment, and the case was referred to the psychiatric institute.

A woman who had had her husband arrested for beating her asked that he be freed, as he had to support their children. The judge was inclined to honor her request until the arresting officer reported that she had been cut on the back with a knife several times. The husband was sent to the county jail as the wife pleaded, "Can't you all let him go?"

"What for?" asked Judge Power, "So he can kill you?"

A mother of six complained that her husband had beaten their eldest daughter. "He only corrects the children when he's been drinking," she said, "never when he's sober."

"What did he hit her with?" asked the judge.

"His hand."

"Where?"

The wife blushed slightly and said, "Across the back . . . side."

"I'll let you go," Judge Power told the defendant, "but don't come back. If you want to chastise the children, do it when you're sober. You're entitled to."

Principals in the next case were a Puerto Rican and his Negro wife, their landlady, and a crippled drunk who had shared a cell with the man. The landlady had had the couple arrested for creating a disturbance. Then the drunk had sworn out an assault war-

rant against his cellmate.

"He started cursin' and swearin' at me in Spanish. I don't know what he was sayin'," the drunk complained inconclusively. The Puerto Rican told his side of the story in Spanish, with his wife translating. The couple was discharged and the cripple sent to the Bridewell.

A well-dressed, pretty girl came before the judge with a handsome, curly-headed young man to complain that he had been drinking. "I been living with him for four years," she said. "He's my common-law husband."

"We don't have that here, lady," the city prosecutor told her, adding, "Although a lot of people seem to think we do."

"Why don't you get married?" Judge Power asked the couple.

"We don't have enough money," the man protested.

The case was continued for a hearing in domestic relations court.

A couple in their forties came forward, the woman accompanied by a paunchy, white-haired lawyer who handles several minor cases in the courts at 11th and State every day.

"I just thought I'd like to stop his drinkin'," said the woman.

"I had to put her brother out of the house," the man complained. "I've got a set of plates"—he pointed to his mouth—"and she hides 'em so I can't go out."

"He got to take care of the kids," said the woman. "He sent me to work."

"Why don't you quit your job and take care of your family?" Judge Power asked her.

She started to cry and replied irrelevantly, "He don't take me nowhere."

The couple faced each other and engaged in mutual derision.

"Just talk to me," said the judge.

"You argue enough."

"He told me I'm stale," said the woman. "He called my mother an S.B. I can tell you plenty."

Judge Power told her to come to



domestic relations court the next day.

She refused, saying she had to go to work, so the case was dismissed.

"She ought to quit her job," the judge told a clerk.

A handsome young man and his rather dowdy-looking wife came forward on her charge that he had been drinking heavily.

"This man has a good job, judge," said the city prosecutor. "He's a meter reader for Commonwealth Edison."

"I drink to forget," said the man, "so I don't have to listen to her yelpin'." He said he would like to go to a psychiatrist but couldn't afford to pay "twenty-five dollars a half-hour."

"It's hard to explain," he went on. "She has to have everything like a fairy tale or a dream."

"Well," said the judge, "women like to dream." He added, "You know what they say about the one who thinks everybody else is crazy."

"When she plays games," the husband said, "she can't concentrate and she loses."

"Well," said the judge, "you win. What are you complaining about?"

The couple agreed to go to the psychiatric institute together.

"You have to stick together for the kids," the judge told them. "Forget about yourselves."

JUDGE VICTOR A. KULA is a large man, and his flowing judicial robes made him look even larger as he sat in domestic relations court. Wearing heavy horn-rim glasses, he was a fearful sight when he laid down the law to improvident husbands and single fathers. Then his round face would light up as he exchanged a bit of repartee with an attorney.

"My client has been behaving very well," said a lawyer representing an accused husband.

"On the fifth of November he beat me in my head," declared the defendant's wife.

"Your information has been wrong, counsel," the judge told the lawyer. "Judge, can I get my divorce?" the wife inquired.

"We can't help you on that, ma'am," said Judge Kula. Then he turned to her husband and warned, "You better behave yourself, brother." He sent them both to the psychiatric institute.

The next case was that of a young couple who had been in court earlier on charges of contributing to the delinquency of a minor. They had been living together for three years and had a baby. One night the girl got angry, left the child alone while she got drunk, then returned and began breaking up the furniture. On their first court appearance, the judge had told them to get married, and continued the case to see what would happen. Now he asked them, "Are you married yet?"

"We got the license," said the man. "Come on," said the judge, descending from the bench and motioning the way to his chambers at the rear of the courtroom. On the way in he recruited a wayfaring journalist to serve as best man, and a social service worker as the lady witness. The prospective groom took a cheap ring from his pocket and gave it to the best man. The judge performed a quick ceremony, pronounced these old friends man and wife, gave them the name of a marriage counselor and told them to report back in June. They wandered out looking like they didn't know

quite what had hit them. Nobody kissed the bride.

Judge Kula lighted a cigar and recalled a case he had handled on St. Valentine's day. George Love had come to court to pay up some back support payments to his estranged wife, Marjorie. It turned out that Marjorie's middle name was Valentine and that she was celebrating her birthday. At Judge Kula's suggestion, George came up with an extra \$5 as a birthday-Valentine present.

When the next case was called, a lawyer representing the defendant announced that his client was in the county jail and therefore unable to answer the non-support charge against him. He added, "Judge, I don't like the look in your eye. It looks like my client might not make it."

"Your client has a record," Judge Kula pointed out. "He stole a case of coffee in Goldblatt's."

The lawyer protested, "Judge, my client never stole anything but whisky in his life."

"I suggest you get your fee in advance," said the judge, who then granted a continuance.

"Thirty dollars a week is as far as I'll go," declared a well-dressed alcoholic, on the subject of support payments.

"Because he has to buy his whisky," the man's wife charged. "He's drunk now."

The case was placed later on the docket while the court awaited a report from the social service division. The husband walked out of the courtroom.

A young woman charged a youth with being the father of her illegitimate child.

"Where did the act of intercourse take place?" Judge Kula inquired.

"While walking in the park," said the mother. She was awarded \$6 a week for ten years, the going rate for support in such cases.

The principals in an adultery case came forward and the clerk pointed out that they were all deaf mutes. "It'll take two hours to try this one," the judge lamented. He shifted the case to the end of the docket, and suggested to the lawyers that they try to reach some kind of agreement.

Several more illegitimacy and non-support cases were tried, the clerk swearing the witnesses in a chant something like that of a tobacco auctioneer which was largely unintelligible, but did not seem to include the phrase "ever-lovin' God."

The lawyers for the deaf mutes returned and announced, to Judge Kula's great relief, that they had reached a tentative agreement and were requesting a continuance.

Now the judge was ready to try the



case of the well-dressed drunk, but the defendant was not in court. His wife said he had gone out to get a sandwich. "Probably a liquid sandwich," Judge Kula guessed.

Another wife and her drinking, non-supporting husband came to the bench.

"Well, Dorothy," asked Judge Kula, "what have you got to say this morning?"

"I decided to try it again," she answered, meaning she would give her husband another chance to straighten out.

Judge Kula looked at the husband and assumed his most ferocious demeanor. "Were you ever in our House of Correction?" he asked.

"For a day."

"How did you like it?"

"Not very well."

"How'd you like to stay there for SIX MONTHS . . . or a YEAR?" the judge said, leaning forward menacingly as if he were asking how the man would like to have his fingers cut off one by one. "Remember, if your wife comes back here, I'll give you the real cure, brother."

In this, as in many other cases, the judge granted another continuance, with a view to keeping the matter in court until the husband either reforms or shows that he'll never make it.

Said the next complaining wife, "Judge, Your Honor, if I could talk a little in the Polish?" She and Judge Kula carried on a conversation in her native tongue, as her husband kept protesting in English that all he ever drinks is an "occasional beer."

At 11 o'clock one of the prosecutors announced that coffee had arrived in the judge's chambers, and a ten minute recess was declared for its consumption. The judge, the prosecutors, the clerks and the bailiffs drank from half-pint milk bottles and discussed their work in jurisprudence and politics. A sticker boosting Judge Kula's campaign for reelection was pasted on one window, apparently for the information of any voters who happened to pass by ten floors above the street.

The judge pointed out that the city prosecutor could speak Spanish, having gone to school in Mexico. "Yes," said the prosecutor, "but it isn't enough. Now I've found six Arabs in my precinct."

After the coffee break, a mother came forward with her 14-year-old daughter and a man accused of fathering the girl's embryonic child. The girl vigorously denied that she was pregnant and was ordered to have a medical examination.

A husband accused of non-support charged that his estranged wife was carrying on with another man.

"Do you have any proof of that?" Judge Kula asked.

"Judge, My Honor," replied the husband, "she show it herself," pointing to his obviously very pregnant wife.

JUDGE EMMETT HARRINGTON was riding the North Side outlying court circuit, beginning at 9 a.m. in a small courtroom on the second floor of the Town Hall police station at Addison and Halsted. He is a tall, dark-haired man with rough skin and a voice to match. Patience is not his salient virtue. He sat on the bench in a gray suit, not wearing the robe of his office.

One side of the courtroom was furnished with usual pew-like benches, while the other had park bench type seats. A calendar on the wall bore the legend of Alderman Charles H. Weber of the 45th ward. Town Hall court serves the area along the lake north of Fullerton avenue, where things had apparently been quiet the night before. Only about a dozen people were in the room.

"I'd like to do what's best to get out of this," a husband told the judge.

"You're not getting out of it," Judge Harrington informed him.

"He ran us out of the house with a butcher knife," the man's wife said. She wanted him expelled from their home. "What do I have to do?" she asked, "Get beat up every day? The police down at Sheffield told me—"

Judge Harrington interrupted her, "The police down at Sheffield did not tell you I had jurisdiction to order anybody out of his home." He referred the case to domestic relations court.

A parolee was brought in from the lockup and faced the judge with his wife, her daughter by an earlier marriage, the daughter's husband, and a policeman. The defendant was accused of assault with a deadly weapon.

The policeman told of having entered the older couple's apartment and finding that the woman was in bed "in a state of shock and terror." He continued, "He had this girl up against the wall. He grabbed me and I told him to take his hands off of me. He went for a pocket knife on the dresser. It took three policemen to get the cuffs on him and six to get him downstairs. During the struggle he bit me on the hand."

"Show the judge your finger," said the daughter, a pretty, myopic blonde about 30 years old. Then she told her account of her stepfather's behavior: "He came in screaming and raving. He held us all prisoners in the apartment. When the police came, he said, 'You're taking me dead or not at all.'"

"Did you see the knife," the judge asked her.

"No," she said. "I don't see well enough to see the knife."



The judge turned to the daughter's husband and said, "Tell us what happened in your own words."

The younger man said nothing.

"He's very timid," his mother-in-law explained. "He don't talk at all."

"Did you see the knife?" the judge asked him.

"No."

The daughter interrupted to say, "He beats her up all the time. She has pictures of the bruises."

Her mother shushed her. So did the judge. "This is a court of law," he said. "Be quiet or you'll have to go behind bars."

The defendant, a pleasant-looking man with red hair, was repentant, but could offer no excuse for his actions.

Judge Harrington found him guilty, then had the state prosecutor look in a book to find out what the penalty was. He passed sentence of 60 days in the county jail.

The defendant kissed his wife and she gulped emotionally. Then she walked over to the judge and said, "Thank you, Your Honor." She took out a roll of pictures of legs with terrible bruises on them.

Her daughter said to the judge, "I forgot to tell you he pushed me against the wall."

"Why don't you open your mouth?" he asked.

"I was too excited," said the daughter.

By 10:15 Judge Harrington and his staff were at Shakespeare police station, 2138 North California, where they were given rolls and coffee. The Northwest Side, it appeared, was even better behaved than the North, since only seven people were in the courtroom. The calendars here were also by Alderman Weber. A clock behind the bench was by Pepsi-Cola, and had a large emblem in the center to prove it. The light fixtures had originally used gas, and the bulbs had round

globes of the pawn shop variety.

Ten minutes after the clerk said, "Hear ye, hear ye, this honorable branch of the Municipal Court of Chicago is now in session," the few routine cases had been heard and the staff was off for the Racine avenue branch at 731 north Racine, arriving right on schedule at 11 a.m.

This court was better populated than Town Hall and Shakespeare combined—a tribute to the greater lawlessness of the Near North and Northwest Sides. The decorations included a signed portrait of Joseph L. Gill, the clerk of the Municipal court, and an unsigned one of William C. Milota, the bailiff. Two large calendars were by the Joseph T. Baran Insurance company. (Baran, who died a few years ago, was long a prominent figure in Democratic politics and served several terms as recorder of deeds). A smaller calendar tacked to the side of the bench said "Smile" in large letters and "Citizens Loan Corp." in small ones. A still smaller, card-sized one bore the legend of the Baptist Missionary Training school on Wellington avenue. The clock here was also of the Pepsi-Cola persuasion, though it had a smaller insignia than the one at Shakespeare.

A fat lady with mangy fox furs around her neck told of having been menaced with a knife by a young man who tried to steal a turkey she was taking home in a baby carriage. She pantomimed the actions of herself and her assailant in minute detail. The judge asked her why she hadn't come to court the last time the case was up. She insisted that she had appeared twice before, and looked around for someone to confirm the statement. "Where this little man who be's here?" she asked, finally locating him in the person of a blonde bailiff in a brown suit.

The defendant asked for a jury trial, and the case was set for a later date at 26th and California.

Principals in the next case were two sisters who appeared to be in their forties, and their landlord, a slim, stolid man a little younger. None of them spoke English. The sister had a male lawyer and the landlord, a female one. The lawyers spoke both English and Polish.

Both sisters wore babushkas and cotton house dresses. One of them had a wrinkled brown paper bag under her arm. They were charging the landlord with assault.

The younger of the sisters testified first.

"You speak English?" Judge Harrington asked her.

"No."

"You do; I can hear you." He told her lawyer, "She said 'no,' didn't she?"

Then the judge had the little blonde bailiff sworn in as a disinterested interpreter.

The bailiff relayed questions from the judge, and got a series of confusing answers. The landlord had supposedly come into the sisters' kitchen, thrown some food on the floor, hit one of them with a pan and pulled the other's hair. There were repeated uncomplimentary reference to a "Russian woman."

Finally the witness got the paper bag from her sister, opened it, and displayed two pieces of evidence: a pot with a dent in it and a large shock of black hair.

The woman lawyer began cross examination.

"Who is the Russian woman?"

The witness said she didn't know.

"Did you hit the Russian woman?"

The witness talked at length and the bailiff translated her remarks as "No."

"Is that what she said, 'no'?" the judge asked sardonically.

The witness' small boy was called. The judge told him to sit up on the railing in front of the bench so he could be heard.

"How old are you," asked Judge Harrington.

"I'll be ten in May."

"Do you know what it means to tell a lie?"

"I'm not lying."

"What happens if you tell a lie?"

"You go to jail."

"That's right, sonny. You're qualified."

The boy confirmed his mother's version of what had happened.

The landlord was then questioned through the interpreter, with the bailiff again striving with little success to get brief, relevant answers.

The defendant said he had caught the sisters hitting his wife with the pan and pulling out her hair. His wife, it appeared, was the controversial "Russian woman."

She was then called to the bench. Like her antagonists, she wore a babushka.

"You can talk as good English as I can," the judge told her. "Now I'm going to ask you some questions and I want answers."

He got them—in Polish.

The judge decided it might be more expeditious to let the lawyers act as interpreters, one asking his questions in Polish and the other translating the answers into English. The lawyers immediately began finding fault with each other's translations.

At length the judge said, "Bring that exhibit over here." He was handed the hair. "Take off your babushkas and turn around," he told the younger of the sisters and the "Russian woman." The city prosecutor held the sample next to each of the coiffures. It matched one as well as the other. "I'm no Solomon," Judge Harrington confessed, and had the hair taken away.

A roomer in the sisters' apartment was called. He also spoke Polish exclusively, and this time one of the clerks was appointed to translate. The roomer said he had been awakened by the fight and had not observed the beaming with the pot or the hair pulling, but had seen the landlord push one of the sisters and had noticed the spot where the hair had been pulled from her head.

An hour and a half after the trial began, the landlord was fined \$10 and costs.

Then a young blonde mother came to the bench, crying as she told of her ex-husband's behavior. "I don't believe in witchcraft," she declared, "but he said he was going into the Catholic church and burn candles so that the children and I would be cursed."

After that case had been referred to domestics relations court, about 30 drunks from north Clark street were heard in an average of about 15 seconds apiece. First offenders were dismissed and repeaters given fines they could not pay, then locked up. Those who gave Madison street addresses were told not to be seen on Clark again. "Do your drinking somewhere else," Judge Harrington told several



them. "We're trying to keep Clark reet clean."

JUDGE GEORGE B. WEISS sat in women's court, looking like he should have been in the English department of some little liberal arts college. He is a small, spare man with gray hair and a soft voice. He was wearing a neat dark blue suit.

Women and men were seated separately in this court, with an aisle dividing the two sections. One theory is that this arrangement is designed to prevent skirmishes in the battles of the sexes. Another holds that the segregation is supposed to keep the two groups from becoming too friendly, especially where the women involved are professionally friendly.

Scores of rubber stamps were scattered over the clerks' desk. One of them contained the flowery legend: Unlawfully committing an act of open lewdness, disorderly conduct or other notorious act of public indecency, tending to debauch the public morals."

Three sleek prostitutes were on trial—a blonde, a brunette and a redhead. They had been arrested for plying their trade in a small hotel in the Loop. Their lawyer established that the policeman had entered the premises without a search warrant and without having seen a crime committed before he went in. "That's all right," said the judge, "It's a public hotel."

The officer, a young Japanese, seemed slightly embarrassed as he was examined further. "What did you do after you went into the hotel?" the lawyer asked him.

"I had a conversation with the elevator man."

"What did you say to him?"

"I asked him if there was anything going."

The lawyer moved for dismissal of the case on the basis that the policeman's actions constituted entrapment. The judge doubted it, but granted a continuance so the attorney could submit a brief in support of his argument.

The familiar white-haired lawyer stepped up for the next case, representing a woman building manager who was accusing one of her lady tenants of assault.

"She tried to kick me down the steps," said the manager, speaking excitedly with a heavy Middle European accent.

The tenant gasped as if awed by the monumental scope of this falsehood.

But the complainant was unabashed. She continued, "She threw Lysol on me."

The tenant, a tall, statuesque wom-

an about 35, spoke clearly and calmly at first: "I'm in business, your honor. I have a millinery store on Maxwell street." But she grew progressively excited as she continued her testimony: "She's been locking the door when I go to take the garbage out and leaving me outside with only a pair of scanties and a brassiere on. I caught her listening at my door three times. The third time, I gave her the spray gun."

"What was in the spray gun?" the judge asked.

"DDT. I shot it at her legs. I didn't touch her."

"You don't have the right to take the law into your own hands," said Judge Weiss. "We have orderly ways of handling these things."

He fined the tenant a dollar, and then suspended the fine.

Since the building has no lockup for women, female prisoners are kept at the Bridewell and transported to court each morning. Now about 15 of them were ushered in from the rear of the room.

A woman with a respectable Pratt boulevard address had been arrested for drunkenness.

"I went to play bingo," she said indignantly. "I had a few wines with friends. I don't drink all week long; I work. Why did he do that to me?" referring to the policeman who had arrested her.

"People wouldn't think much of the city if we left women lying around on the sidewalk," Judge Weiss told her.

"I wasn't lying on the sidewalk," she maintained.

"Yes she was," said the city prosecutor.

"Don't you ever have a beer?" the woman asked him hotly.

"Did you win at bingo?" the judge asked her.

"No, but sometimes I win."

"Where do you play?"

She named a church.

"We may not understand each other," said Judge Weiss. "You may be living in a world of your own."

She tried to interrupt him. "Wait a minute," he said. "I have a right to tell you not to drink. If I stopped you on the street and told you what to do, that would be different. But you're not on the street; you're in court, and I'm telling you you'd better quit drinking." He let her off with this warning.

A 19-year-old housewife was accused of slapping her neighbor's 12-year-old son when he refused to let her use his mother's iron to press a blouse.

The judge tested the boy's reliability as a witness: "If you tell a lie, what happens?"

The boy shrugged, then said, "Catch it."

After hearing the testimony, the judge had the girl who had done the slapping apologize. "I want you to go back as friendly neighbors," he told both sides. "Don't start all over again."

The principals were about to leave when a woman standing toward the rear said, "May I say something, your honor. I would like for her to come home. She ain't married."

The girl began sobbing. The judge told her to go with her mother, and warned her young "husband" to stop living with her.

"We want a good reputation for this city," he said. "If you don't like the way we do things in Illinois, go back where you came from."

Thus far all of the defendants had come from the women's side of the courtroom, but now a youth approached from the men's section. He was dressed as a girl and his long hair was dyed red and carefully coiffed.

He had been in the women's lockup at the Bridewell for four days before his sex was discovered. Now his face mirrored terror. The judge's showed embarrassment. The defendant was quickly referred to the psychiatric institute. "See that she gets there," the judge told a bailiff.

"It's a he, Your Honor," chortled a woman clerk.

"Yeah, I know," said the judge, who hadn't wanted to make a big thing out of it.

Court adjourned, and the women from the lockup whose cases had been dismissed crowded into an elevator. They buzzed about the man who had been held with them.

"Imagine being in jail four days with a man," said one. "That's for the birds."

"Too bad you didn't know it was a man," another observed. ■



STORM WARNINGS MADE TO ORDER

Weather forecasting is a private
and profitable business in Skokie

by Norman Sklarewitz

Late Friday evening a man stuck his head in the open door of a suite in the Skokie Medical building. "Say, John," he said, "I have to fly to Cleveland tonight. What's going on?" The tall, thin young man inside glanced at the wall map, frowned and suggested that his caller make train reservations. A storm was due.

The Cassandra was John R. Murray, private weatherman. With his partner, Dennis W. Trettel, he operates an organization very new among professions. They are meteorological consultants.

Murray and Trettel are careful to avoid any reflection on the ability or services of the United States Weather bureau as fellow professionals. It is, at the same time, no secret that the agency has been under some fire in recent years.

In a report on weather services completed well over a year ago, a special advisory committee (set up by the Department of Commerce it-

self) found room for improvement in the Bureau's general and "district" reports, particularly in the Great Lakes region.

The local United States Weather bureau makes four "Chicago and vicinity" forecasts a day—one every six hours, starting at 3:45 a.m. In addition, the district Forecast Center on the University of Chicago campus makes state forecasts for Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

THESE FORECASTS, albeit accurate, cannot possibly cover the specialized needs of individual industries and businesses. The result has been the rapid growth of the private forecaster.

Currently, the American Meteorological society lists only 21 such consultants in the U. S. Murray and Trettel are the only local ones. Nearest similar operation is in St. Louis, Missouri with others located in Texas, Massachusetts, California, Virginia,

Washington, D. C., Ohio, New York and Colorado.

Ordinary Chicagoans may be quite satisfied with the forecasts prepared by the Weather bureau from its 14th-floor roost in the old Post Office building. It is not, however, winter sports enthusiasts or weekend motorists that Murray and Trettel serve. Their specialty is short-range, precision forecasting for industry.

Private weathermen, Jack Murray explains, offer industry daily operational advisories, long-range outlooks, storm warnings, hourly reports for pinpointed areas on specific conditions, correlations between business activity and past weather conditions.

A single "one-shot" prediction might cost \$25; industrial service involving frequent checks might go at \$750 per month. (One of the biggest fees ever paid Murray and Trettel was \$1,500 for a five-day study. It helped win a million dollar lawsuit).

The winter months, with their sud-

den, violent changes in weather, find business at the Skokie station booming. Knowing just what sort of meteorological activity is afoot is worth thousands of dollars to local clients who periodically receive from M & T a pad of large forecast sheets on which 191 possible situations are grouped under 21 different headings. Later, the forecaster on duty phones a series of numbers to the client. These serve as a code which, when checked against the sheet, present in amazing detail a picture of impending conditions.

Recipients of the service include such weather-conscious organizations as the Chicago Transit Authority, the snow and ice control people in Milwaukee, Peoria or Madison, the Waukesha (Wis.) County Highway department and most local suburbs.

Waukesha highway commissioner, E. J. Stephan, was an early partisan of the private weathermen. On their advice he dispatches equipment within the 792 miles of roads in his county and he credits their reports for the "excellent record we have in keeping highways open."

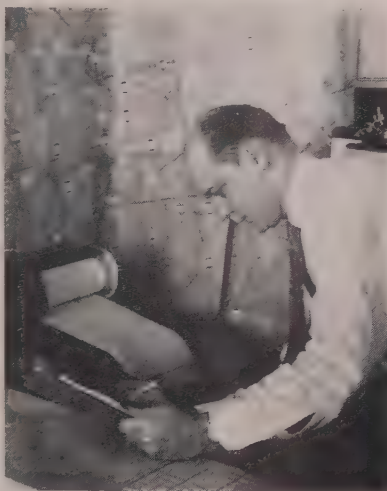
A typical winter evening may be something like this: regular weather sources predicted a heavy snowfall, west of Milwaukee. The midnight forecast from Murray and Trettel, however, calls for two to four inches of snow. Stephan's patrol superintendents act on this advice and order out only light equipment. The forecast is correct and the county is saved the considerable expense of getting out overtime crews and mounting heavy V-plows.

When conditions do *not* develop, it may be just as troublesome. A snowfall in late afternoon that lasts for several hours, then changes to rain, is followed ordinarily by freezing temperatures, accompanied by dangerous ice and slush. On one occasion, however, M & T, predicted that the temperature would rise, not fall. The high-

way commissioners kept their gear inside, let regular crews go home on time and happily looked on a few hours later as the snow melted without assistance of the highway department.

The production director of a big commercial film studio which employs Murray and Trettel has his own brand of weather worry. If he schedules outdoor color shooting, he must know if the skies will be clear. If there are clouds, when will they come up, how long will they last and how thick will they be? (Certain layers are thin enough to permit shooting).

Sunlight doesn't interest Melville Confectioners or the Bunte Bros.-Chase Candy company. Temperature



Decisions involving movement of men and goods all over the Midwest wait as Trettel correlates information from teletype machine (above), with reports phoned in to Murray (below, left) and the two of them, together with Earl Finckle, plot the next day's—or hour's—weather on a map.

alone is critical. If it's too hot, shipments of chocolates must get special consideration, be re-routed in shipping; if it's too cold, packaging gets brittle and may crack.

There seems to be no end to the uses of weather information. An enterprising wrestling promoter retained the firm for several summers for twice-weekly rain reports. He owned both an outdoor and an indoor arena. The first has almost double the capacity of the second and the promoter had to know not only if rain was due on fight night, but if it would fall between ticket-buying time and the time when raincheck validation expires.

One major Loop department store used to employ M & T to determine the timing of sales. Rainwear, for example, is promoted when showers fall early enough in the day to permit customers to stop during lunch hour. Similarly, springtime straw-hat advertising appears along with bright skies and warm temperatures.

Public utilities who employ M & T—Northern Illinois or the People's Gas & Coke—adjust gas and electric loads according to the temperature.

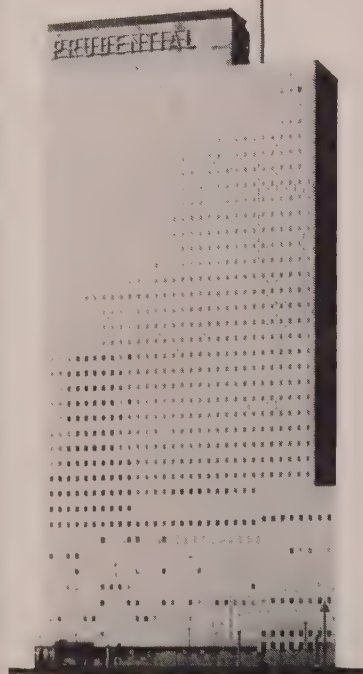
Murray and Trettel are called in on a number of legal cases—perhaps the most fascinating, their services to Lloyds' of London. Lloyds' was sued for damages occurring during a storm in Colorado. The claimant held that it was the same storm that had damaged his property in Oklahoma and that he was entitled to double compensation. Messrs. Murray and Trettel demonstrated that the storms could not be the same. The claimant brought evidence to show that the very same warm air mass created both storms—therefore the storms were one. The case was thrown out when the Skokie weathermen pointed out that warm air masses cover millions of miles and cannot be held responsible for all storms within that area.

The men who are such authorities



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on local weather are both in their early 30s; residents of Skokie and enthusiastic about the future of their fledgling profession.

They met twelve years ago at the San Marcus Navigational Training school in Texas where they were Air Force base meteorology officers. At the time, operations were harassed by a freak, nighttime condition that closed in the field under a thick, low blanket of stratus clouds. The cover would develop so fast that planes out on night training missions couldn't get back in time, and were forced down, or diverted to fields some distance away. Murray and Trettel teamed up, and provided a solution to the problem—a scale of certain critical conditions. And added stimulus to their future commercial partnership, came from the regular phone calls that poured in from Texas farmers requesting advance rain warnings to protect the soy bean crop.

The idea for a post-war business was born. Unlike most plans conceived in GI boredom, this one stuck. Following their respective discharges from service, Trettel moved here from his home in Pittsburgh to join Murray and they set up shop on north Dearborn.

Today the Skokie weathermen occupy five rooms in the medical center. The addition of a third and fourth meteorologist and a secretary brings their force up to five.

ONE MAN IS ALWAYS on duty, around the clock, and when the weather is particularly bad, everybody works. Midwest winters generally result in many sleepless nights, with all four forecasters working over prognostications, telephoning bulletins to clients and recording new data as it develops.

One end of the map room is taken up with a huge, glass-topped table on which the movements of all fronts are carefully noted. Tracking begins as a front moves in from the Rockies and it is watched for size, movement, intensity and similar characteristics until it passes into the Atlantic.

Surface weather charts are prepared every six hours during normal conditions and upper air maps are drawn every twelve. From these and from the facsimile services of the worldwide Air Force-Navy network, stemming out of "Weather Central" in Washington, advice is prepared.

At the opposite wall are two teletype machines which used to be the heart of the whole operation but which have been somewhat superceded by the facsimile services. These CAA lines pour out a steady 75 words per minute, adding up to six million hourly reports a year. The machines spew

out yards of yellow paper filled with tight lines of coded data. The seemingly meaningless gibberish represents raw data: radiosondes and rawinsondes from the upper air, surface observations, barometric pressure, humidity, wind direction and force and similar observations.

A TYPICAL M & T storm warning looks like this: At 15:10 on a Wednesday, they indicate to a client that there will be "rain changing to snow within six to twelve hours, after the morning rush hour with the danger over by 9 AM Thursday." This advance notice carries a dependability rating of 75 per cent. By 21:20 the same evening, the on-duty meteorologist has made ready a detailed warning on the same alert: "Rain changing to snow with the main storm expected between 10 AM and noon on Thursday (timing dependability: 80 per cent). The main storm trouble is expected to last from six to twelve hours with a wet snow type (30°-34° F). The snow fall will be less than two inches (dependability: 80 per cent) and ice is expected to begin between 4 AM and 6 AM Thursday.

"Icing details as follows: brief icing due primarily to cold pavement temperature dropping below 32°-38° F. Rain already falling but it will have no effect. Air temperature dropping below 32° F between 1 a.m. and 3 a.m. Thursday. Wind velocity at beginning of storm, 8 to 12 mph from the south, shifting to the west at 10 to 15 mph. There will be a gradual windshift occurring between 1 a.m. and 3 a.m. Thursday.

"Special problems include local icing under viaducts, bridges and underpasses. It is recommended that street crews spread salt or abrasives. Following the main storm, there will be below-freezing temperatures and snow showers made up of occasional flurries and scattered snowshowers with little or no accumulation. Dependability: 85 per cent."

For every phase of a forecast there is a "degree of certainty" chart. A 100 per cent forecast is impossible; the best Murray and Trettel will give is 90 per cent; a "so-so" is 75 per cent and a long shot is 60 per cent. It is the client who must make the final decision whether to act or not on the predictions provided.

Such decisions are becoming less and less risky. Business can delegate some of the uncertainty to enterprising young men. The effect this has had on Murray and Trettel is more than economic. Both are rapidly growing bald—a condition they blame entirely on their careers as professional workers.

My aunt was suspicious of men with mustaches, and Mr. Barbour bore his with a detached air of worldly familiarity.



The Ticket

a story by Harry W. Lawton

Sometimes, listening to the softly modulated voice of my Aunt Lorraine, I almost feel that I can hear her talking endlessly down the years in the kindly step-by-step tone she has always used in teaching her third grade classes. Listening, I recall, as if at the verge of sleep, where the balances of the mind are weighted and a thought prolonged may suddenly shift and drop off into a black amorphous pit, a summer long ago when I lived in my grandmother's house, delighted to find in my aunt a first kinship with the adult mind.

There is not such a change as one might expect between the years. The file of *National Geographic* still lie packed in order in the windowbox; my aunt's teaching credential is still

The Ticket

framed above the mantel over the fireplace. New generations of third graders probably thrill as I once did at the cut-out animals, historical montages and papier-mache, mottled relief maps, which my aunt is forever constructing in her workroom off the kitchen.

My grandmother and aunt still live in the white frame house along the lane of pepper trees in Jurupa, although the orange grove across the lane has been uprooted to make way for a city playground.

My grandmother is no longer so active—once she raked the pepper berries from the lawn weekly—and the burden of the housework now falls on my aunt.

Often my grandmother's mind will wander, and she will stare with hopeless watery eyes at some familiar object. "Don't you remember, Della," my aunt will say, "We bought that vase at the Pomona fair, the time that Mrs. Steiner broke her leg climbing the ladder." And then my grandmother's eyes will light up with complete remembrance. For my Aunt Lorraine the years are always chalked off anecdotally on some inner blackboard into "times." The time that "we went to Canada for the summer, and a pepper limb fell on the garage roof while we were away," the time that "I asked the principal to transfer the Collins boy to another classroom," the time that "we were stopped in Brea canyon and given a traffic ticket by that terrible policeman."

Aside from the acquisition by my aunt of a new fund of anecdotes, there is little to distinguish my grandmother's and aunt's lives from the way they were that summer when I was seven and my Mother went back to nurse's college, and I lay in the bedroom on the back porch faint from tears and homesickness. I remember that I had a yellow cotton duck, which I had been given at Easter, and when I had been sent crying by my grandmother to bed, one of the black pod eyes of the duck fell off and rolled out of sight on the floor.

I was almost reconciled to my first summer away from home, but the loss of the duck's eye seemed to symbolize a much greater loss, and a changing order in my life. Once more I wept.

The door to the bedroom opened. "What on earth's the matter," I heard my aunt say.

"The duck lost his eye," I sobbed.

"We can fix it," said my aunt, taking the duck from my hands. "We can put a new eye on your duck."

"But then it won't be the same," I wailed.

And then in one fortunate moment my aunt saw the eye of the duck,

gleaming where it had fallen in a crack in the floorboards. Stooping she recovered it, and then left the room. A moment later she reappeared with a jar of muckilage and carefully replaced the eye. She didn't seem to consider my tears foolish, and afterward when I had put my pajamas on and crawled between the cold sheets of an unfamiliar bed, I remember lying in the darkness staring upward through the screened-in porch at the black, twisted trunks of the pepper trees in the night, and thinking with quiet affection of my aunt and the approaching summer.

A week end later my aunt and I drove south along the chapparal-studded hills to her cabin at Laguna Beach. I recall leaning back against the orange and green woolen blankets which covered the neat upholstery, tracing my fingers over the round design of the Automobile club sticker on the window, and believing that the sticker represented real responsibility and the fine, structured way in which my aunt lived her life.

I remember glancing at my aunt's hands centered on the steering wheel, and watching her eyes which never left the road. I had once heard my mother say to Daddy, "No man would take a second look at Lorraine until she was thirty—and now Lorraine won't take a second look at any man." I thought to myself that this was true, unaware that my mother had taken into account the softening edges of maturity, which had attractively filled in my aunt's lean and angular features.

"I've never been in an accident, Nat," my aunt told me, "but I've been a member of the Automobile club fifteen years—because one never knows when the need may arise."

I felt in her manner a tight-lipped implication that there were people who were in accidents regularly, and was slightly afraid that I might someday turn out to be one of these people, beyond the grace and pale of salvation even by an Automobile club.

As we rode through clumps of cottonwood and willow along the Santa Ana river, my aunt began to explain the operations of clutch, choke and brake, the expenses of upkeep, the tidy care which must be lavished on a car, just as if I were familiar with these subjects, and might, but for laws relating to minors, be as capable of operating the car as herself. I felt very warmly towards her for this consideration.

When at last we rode out into a burst of sunlight through a break in the hills, and the red seaweed lay undulating in the sea off the shore, we were singing *There's a Long Long Trail A-Winding*.



illustrated by Nathan Goldstein

In the afternoon we rode down to the beach and parked in the shade of a grove of palms along a slope. My aunt's eye singled out a spot far down the beach where there were few people, and removing our shoes and socks, we walked across the dunes.

Suddenly my aunt stopped.

"How surprising," she said, holding my arm. "Here's a lupine blooming in the sand!"

"There's a lotta them in the grass up by the car," I said.

"Yes," said my aunt, "but they're growing in the earth and this one is clear out here in the sand."

I started to pick it.

"No," said my aunt, "Don't pick it! It's had a hard enough time growing here alone."

WE FOUND A PLACE where the sand was free from tar, and I remained while my aunt attempted to rent an umbrella from a stand at the upper end of the boardwalk. I went down to the edge of the water and shoveled wet sand in my pail and carried it back up the slope, only to become aware that a shadow had fallen across the sand. A man in a white cotton beach suit was setting up an umbrella in the area we had chosen.

"You can't stay there!" I shouted, "That's Aunt Lorraine's and mine!"

"Sorry," he said looking at me and smiling. There were finely shaded wrinkles about his eyes, giving a mellow cast to his heavily tanned skin. "I didn't know you'd staked out a claim here. I'll find a place further down the beach."

I was instantly ashamed.

"I guess it's okay," I said reluctantly, noting that there was a wide stretch of unoccupied beach. I hoped that the man might refuse my offer. I wasn't certain how my aunt might feel at this sudden invasion of our privacy.

"Fine!" he said, "I'll move my umbrella over a few feet."

I ignored him and settled upon the sand, molding the wet sand in my pail over the dry into a castle.

"No way to build moats," the man said, startling me, "The first tide will wash it away." He sat down next to me, and ran his slightly graying hair back out of his eyes. He began to help me pack the sand. We made trips back and forth to the water, taking turns, and he showed me how to dribble the wet sand through the fingers into fine-spun minarets.

On one of the trips I came running up from the water with a piece of driftwood.

"I've got a drawbridge," I cried.

"Here, Nat," he said. He told me his name was Robert Barbour, and suggested I call him Bob, but I set-

tled on Mr. Barbour. He scooped a hole through the moat. "This is the place for a drawbridge."

I was worried as to what my aunt might say about my making friends with a stranger. I knew that my aunt was suspicious of men with mustaches, and Mr. Barbour wore a mustache with a detached air of worldly familiarity. When at last I saw Aunt Lorraine making her way toward us across the dunes, I broke away from him thinking that he would return to his umbrella, but instead he followed me.

I saw Mr. Barbour appraising my aunt respectfully. I also saw in the hardening of my aunt's jaw that my friend was not a member of the Automobile club.

My aunt spoke to me, "They've rented all the umbrellas. We can probably get one in an hour or so."

"You're welcome to use mine," said Mr. Barbour, and then in that tactful manner he had of almost foreseeing my aunt's thoughts, he added, "I'll be in the water most of the time. I'll move my blankets and towels up the beach until you can rent another umbrella."

I could see my aunt was not greatly pleased by the situation, but before she could find a way of refusing, Mr. Barbour took the decision from her hands by moving his beach blanket and towels a few yards above the umbrella.

"What did you say the man's name was?" whispered my aunt.

"Mr. Barbour," I said, and then realized she expected me to make an introduction.

Mr. Barbour never went near the water that afternoon, but then neither did my aunt. At first Mr. Barbour and I continued building our castle, and then he mentioned he had driven down from Santa Barbara that morning, and my aunt said that she was going up there the following week for a two-day teacher's institute. They started to discuss teaching and my aunt asked Mr. Barbour if he was a teacher.

"No, I'm a speculator," he said. It appeared that he was in the brokerage business, but he also held part of the lease on an oil field. At the time I wasn't certain why my aunt looked at Mr. Barbour when he said this with silent disapproval, but years later I realized that in some small town way my aunt associated stocks with gambling.

Late in the afternoon the surf rolled across the beach, splashing our ankles as we fled with the beach umbrella and our blankets and towels to a dryer spot. Twice we moved the umbrella, and then suddenly Mr. Barbour glanced at his wrist watch.

"By golly," he said, "I'm starved. Suppose you join me up at the Casino for a spot of dinner, Miss Montgomery—you and Nat."

"Well, I couldn't have you pay for the dinner," said my aunt decisively. "I'll insist on that."

"Dutch it is!" said Mr. Barbour, nodding his head.

He shouldered the beach umbrella and we began to walk through the cool, lengthening shadows of the sand dunes.

"Our car's over there on the slope," said my aunt, gesturing. "Perhaps Nat and I had better . . ."

"Change? Sure! I'll meet you on the veranda in a half-hour. I'll have a table waiting." He smiled at my aunt in a friendly fashion, and after a moment I saw her lips arch at the corners in a manner so singular and youthful in her, that I ran on ahead exultantly over the dunes pursuing my shadow.

I stopped suddenly in a hollow, the sand scattering about my feet. Someone had picked the lupine, and the long stem lay dried and bent. When I scrambled up the slope to the car, and turned back to see my aunt and Mr. Barbour, I saw that they had parted, and he was now making his way up toward the veranda over a tangled bed of sand flowers. My aunt came toward me over the deserted beach, the gulls diving and circling above her, bleating overhead.

On the veranda of the Casino, overlooking the sea, we met Mr. Barbour. He was sitting at one of the tables near the seawall, glancing at a menu. The sun was low, shining through the branches of the palm trees, and the brick flagging of the terrace was deep in wavering reds.

WHILE AUNT LORRAINE and Mr. Barbour were ordering dinner, I slipped away and went to the edge of the seawall to drop pebbles off into the surf far below. At last my aunt called me back to the table.

"It's rude to leave without asking."

"What's gravity?" I asked curiously.

"It means that what goes up comes down," said my aunt.

"That doesn't explain anything," I said, "I want to know why it comes down."

"You're right, Nat," said Mr. Barbour, "It doesn't really explain gravity, but it's the answer people give because they don't know why."

"The attraction of the earth's force . . ." began my aunt.

"That doesn't explain anything either," said Mr. Barbour. "It's only another way of saying what goes up comes down."

"Then nobody knows?" I said. I

The Ticket

was thinking that when I was older I would dig a hole far enough down so that I could find out and then I would know something nobody else knew.

My aunt looked at the two of us impatiently, and then Mr. Burrows laughed. The laugh seemed to ripple out across the air and become a part of the vibrating light of the fluorescent.

"After we taking this with me, what's your?" he asked us, and we laughed too.

And then quickly she flung at him in a whimsical tone I had never heard her use. "But gravity covers so much ground."

After that everything was fine between them. My aunt and I drove back later through the early evening fog to her beach cabin. I remember she said nothing of the way back, and

seeing that some of the others were waiting for a moment. We saw the two game and then I got with a kind of excitement but not much sleep in my sleep because that I play in the game. I was waiting and saw of the one and something in the girl about nothing too much, and we were not laughing.

"What? Last one caught with me is winning?" said Mr. Burrows.

After I had let the net to let a few others and walked quickly with a net to catch them. The net appeared across the water and the ball dropped into our court, waiting for the other side. The net touched the ball off his arm and started at me back.

"After that you find some kids to play with?" he said. I almost started to cry.

Mr. Burrows glanced at the man again. "We have found all right, better," he said. "After you can find some kids your age." And then he was surprised the man apologized to Mr. Burrows.

Along about noon, I saw the man coming down the beachwalk, and Mr. Burrows and I left the game to go and meet her.

"We're a little more apologize to you," I said to Mr. Burrows as we walked.

"I suppose he feels meaner in some way," said Mr. Burrows.

"Do you have lots of money?"

"Enough, I guess."

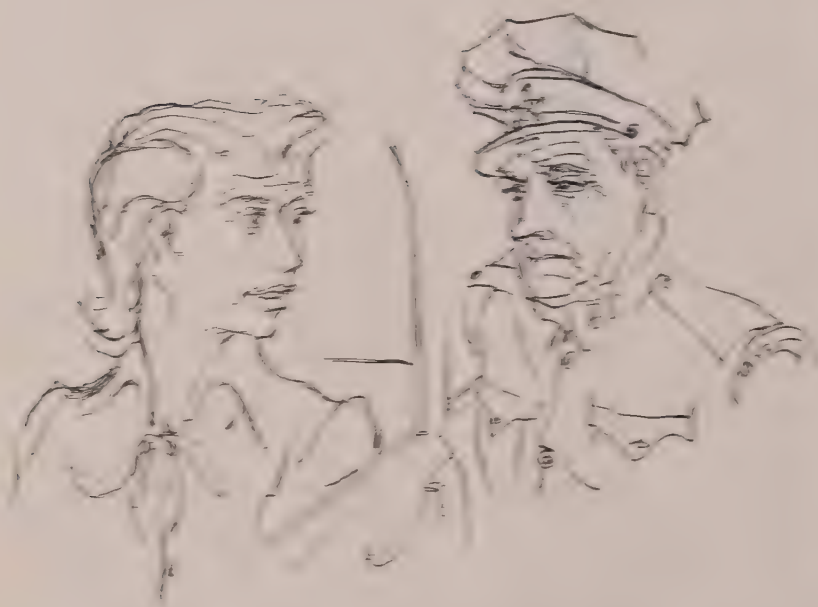
"Is money important?"

"Not important if you haven't got it." Then he came dropped tired. "And if you have it, sometimes it can be very important."

"People like people who have money," I asked.

"Yes, they like the money — those guys in the coffee-hall game like the money." And then suddenly, reflecting back it seemed to me as if the same wound the best of Mr. Burrows had been burned gold in the coffee-hall court. Looking back at the game from where we were it seemed to have assumed a stark quality, as if something had unmanicured gone when we left the game, and then I remembered the laughter in the eyes of the girl, and the excited little manner in which they had leaped for the ball every time Mr. Burrows returned it, as if Maria she had transported it was something more, and this too whispered at the sound of money.

I was surprised later, being on the beach with my aunt and Mr. Burrows, that she should not see this and would tell so many of the people in the third grade class. She showed me when Mr. Burrows playing, seemed so happy as a gentleman in tennis, and again when he mentioned that he was a young man. It seemed



the sound of the motor finally put me to sleep, and I awoke in the driveway to find her standing in the beam of the headlights raising the garage door.

Now I believe my aunt ever expected to see Mr. Burrows again, but I remember no delight at discovering her sitting on a bench in the middle of the night at the life guard station the next morning. He was getting up a game of coffee-hall and was borrowing the net from the life guard. I helped him string the net between two wall-mount wooden poles, and was surprised by the crowd of young girls and men that suddenly accumulated. It appeared that Mr. Burrows knew them all.

"I have found 'Net,' he said, turning me into the game, and I stood nearby in the side when I had the

most heretical on her part to me that she should be able to judge Mr. Barbour severely.

"We two see the world differently," heard Mr. Barbour tell my aunt. You see it as a gigantic classroom, here if the students can be shown the right path, they'll follow it."

My aunt laughed. "You're joking!"

"No, I'm not joking."

"But if I do?"

"See the world that way?"

"Yes. Can you disagree?"

"Not completely, perhaps. I do feel it's an unrealistic way of looking at life. It's expanding a metaphor into philosophy."

"Why do you call it unrealistic?"

"I've never been able to believe that there is a right path."

"But people can act intelligently, and do the right thing," my aunt persisted.

"Maybe your life is a little more amenable to logic than most," said Mr. Barbour, looking at my aunt curiously. There was a certain amount of admiration in the way he spoke.

LONG AFTERWARDS that summer assumed in my mind a certain magic texture, so that I first became aware of the passage of time. I would remember the year 1936, and strangely I had never been aware of years before, except as a method of adults for parking off the remote from the near. I would recall the undefinable change that came over my aunt, and yet be unable to say exactly what this change was. Gradually all memory of the times when the enchantment ran thin was erased from my memory and I would remember that summer at the beach with my aunt as a very special and exciting time. I would neglect to remember the many times when I felt that my aunt was judging Mr. Barbour without compassion, the sudden glance at me that seemed to imply, "You are his friend, not I." At the time I could not see the situation as it would recur to mind through the years. I felt myself the center of the companionship of Mr. Barbour and Aunt Lorraine, not realizing that I was perhaps only a stage prop. Certainly my aunt must have used me. And as for Mr. Barbour—at seven one's response toward life is too eager to accurately discern motives.

I remember my delight when Mr. Barbour would say, "Let's take a run up to the Huntington museum today, Lorraine. Nat's never been there." And then we would be riding northward in my aunt's or Mr. Barbour's car, across wide and open spaces, my aunt's blue neckerchief waving in the wind, and the three of us singing.

One Saturday we drove up to Santa Anita to see the races. We took my

aunt's car, and Mr. Barbour insisted that it was his turn to pay the gas. I think that my aunt had expected to step suddenly into a world peopled by illicit and shady personages, and she commented with some surprise on the number of apparently respectable family groups. It was an exciting afternoon; gaudy colored pennants swept above the stadium against a cloudless sky, and Mr. Barbour placed a bet on a horse for me and Aunt Lorraine. The horse won and there was an argument between my aunt and Mr. Barbour over accepting the money. Finally my aunt agreed to open a bank account for me with it.

On the return trip, streaming through Brea canyon, we passed an intersection in one of the small towns. Three children darted suddenly off a curb into the path of the car. My aunt waved them back peremptorily, and then there was a siren roaring behind us, and a highway patrol car cut ahead of us, signalling my aunt to the curb.

The officer parked his car, got out, and walked back to my aunt's window. He was a puffy, red-faced man, and he rested the knots of his fingers on the window's edge.

"Did you see those kids back there?" he asked.

"Yes," said my aunt, "but I was in the intersection, so I waved them back."

"Oh, you did! Well, I was parked across the street, and I had just signaled those kids to cross."

My aunt smiled as if she had settled something.

"I didn't know you could direct traffic from a parked vehicle, officer," she said.

"Well, you're finding it out, lady," snapped the officer. "Let's see your license."

My aunt reached for her pocket-book and her lip began to tremble.

"I've been driving fifteen years," she said, "and I've never gotten a ticket. I always try to drive carefully. I've never had an accident. The Automobile club can vouch for me."

"Lady, let's see that license," said the officer harshly.

Now my aunt was beginning to cry. She watched him write out the license number on a pink tag. Finally he tore off the top slip and handed it to her.

"I don't think you're much of a gentleman," she said weakly.

"I'm sorry," said the officer. "I don't like giving tickets any more than you like getting them." He walked slowly back to his patrol car and drove off.

It was some time before my aunt managed to turn the key in the ignition.

"I've never received a ticket," she

said again as we drove south along the highway.

"It happens to everyone," said Mr. Barbour. "These small towns make their revenue handing out tickets to motorists passing through. Forget it." "Forget it?" cried my aunt. "I certainly won't. I know he can't direct traffic from a parked car."

"It isn't worth the trouble to fight it, Lorraine," said Mr. Barbour. "I'll pay it. The trip was my idea."

"I intend to fight it," said my aunt. "The Automobile club will handle it for me."

"The bail's only five bucks," said Mr. Barbour, examining the ticket. "You can mail it in and save the worry."

But my aunt was adamant. "I know I'm right!" she said.

"It's not a question of right or wrong," argued Mr. Barbour. "It's a question of wasted effort . . . and you won't have anything to show for it."

"I've driven a car for fifteen years."

"I know a fellow in Brea," said Mr. Barbour. "Maybe he can do something about it."

"I don't want it done that way," she shouted.

They quarreled about the ticket all the way into Laguna. Mr. Barbour said that he had received plenty of tickets, and my aunt said he probably deserved them. When we dropped him off at the Casino, she said, "Don't worry about the ticket. I'm filing a protest through the Automobile club." The next morning, however, as if realizing that Mr. Barbour had been more sensible in the matter, she agreed that he was right, and it seemed as if the ticket were forgotten.

I USED TO THINK that my aunt and Mr. Barbour would marry. I knew that he had a home in Pasadena and I imagined myself visiting them there through the years. A lull had occurred in the summer, and I was no longer a part of those afternoon drives. I climbed the pepper trees and chased jackrabbits down the long orange rows behind my grandmother's house. It seemed as if a world revolved somewhere far beyond me and I could only reach out and touch it occasionally as it passed.

I heard my grandmother tell my mother, "Lorraine's considering him. He's asked her."

Sometimes, hearing tires spurt across gravel, I would rush to the edge of the pepper rows only to find that it was someone living up the lane. If it were Mr. Barbour and my aunt, I would follow them into the garage, waiting for him to pat me on the head and ask me to go with them somewhere.

Once, lying on the lawn, watching



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the clouds change shape, I heard the hot mumble of voices behind the screen porch, my aunt and my grandmother.

"He was married once, you know."

The mumble faded and I could only catch a word of my grandmother's voice, "... divorce ...?"

"No, she died. One of these party-going women, I think. He never mentions her."

One morning, poring over the pages of a *National Geographic*, I heard the mail click through the slot, dropping into the box in the hallway. I heard my aunt tearing open an envelope.

"It's from the Automobile club," she said to my grandmother on entering the living room.

She studied the letter.

"I was right! I was right!" she cried joyfully. "He couldn't direct traffic from a parked car. The ticket is being dismissed."

She was gone part of the day. When she returned my grandmother was waiting in the hallway.

"Did you tell him about the ticket?"

"I told him I was right all along."

"What did he say?"

My aunt's voice fell.

"He said, 'Yes, you were right, weren't you?'"

FALL CAME and I entered Jurupa elementary school in the second grade. My mother was now working in a hospital in San Bernardino. In the evenings my aunt helped me with my homework. I never asked about Mr. Barbour. I knew that she saw him from time to time — and then mysteriously he vanished from our house. He was forgotten after that. I don't think my grandmother even mentioned him again.

But the story of the ticket lingered as one of those familial anecdotes, becoming more of a triumph for my aunt with each retelling.

It came up at odd moments when guests were present.

"One time," Aunt Lorraine would say, "Nat and I were driving down Brea canyon ..."

"There were three of us," I would interrupt. "Mr. Barbour and ..."

"It doesn't matter," my aunt would say. "I suppose there were three."

And then one day I forgot to interrupt; perhaps with each retelling the story had become more my aunt's, or perhaps the intervening years had twisted the contours of memory. Mr. Barbour no longer seemed such a substantial figure, only a shadow seated beside us in a car long ago.

"Nat and I were driving down Brea canyon ..."

And then the moment for interruption was past, and I knew I would forever after listen in silence. ■

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HALLWAYS:

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by Don J. Anderson



The always popular diamond patterns is the base of this installation of marble squares designed by Earl Perrault for his own home. Large scale furnishings and accessories add to the handsome traditional effect achieved.



Hall storage space for umbrellas and wet footgear is very much in order. This area surfaced in black tile has appropriate selections from the Ethan Allen collection by Baumritter.



This entrance way looks more spacious because of the single pattern set into its Robbins vinyl tile floor, designed by Albert Higgins for his own home. Accessories by Albert.

besides providing a colorful base for the decorative scheme, Armstrong Custom Corlon tile, as shown here, has practical advantages. This vinyl plastic can be mopped easily; resists harmful solvents and cleansers.



Resistant and highly colorful is this mosaic floor; note how well it goes with contemporary furnishings by Herman Miller. Japanese rush mat Baldwin-Kingrey.



Traditional accents go with contemporary furnishings in this hall setting which features a new plastic tile, "Nairon Custom-Venetian," by Congoleum-Nairn, an imitation of inlaid marble chips.





The Case of the Whistling Cops

Chicagoans get arrested more melodiously
than other people

by Richard Reynolds

Why is the whistling by Chicago traffic policemen the most musical in the country—perhaps in the world?

Most Chicagoans don't think it is. They're so accustomed to the tones floating about the Loop that they don't consider them unusually melodious. But other people think they're unique. From every state in the nation and from Canada they have written to the local Police department to say that they enjoyed the street music—and to ask where one can buy a "Chicago" whistle.

How do these whistles in the asphalt jungle of the Loop sound? Well, first of all, they have two tones. A characteristic tootling is this:

Whoooooooooooooooo-eeeeeeeeee-oooo.

The *ooo* is the lower pitch. But you may hear the reverse: *whheeeeeee-oooooooo-eeeeeeeeee*. Or merely: *whheeeeeee-oooooooo*. Often a cop, by tongueing his whistle, starts the long, mellifluous notes with staccatos, so that they come out: *toooooooooooooooooo-tweeeeeeeeee*. There are various combinations of shorter notes. *Whheeee-*

oooo-eeee-oooo or *tooooo-tweeeee-tooo* are only two examples. At the end of an afternoon, when rush-hour traffic has thinned and a cop is weary, he may give out with a perfunctory *tooooo*, or only *tooo*.

Occasionally a virtuoso, after blowing loudly for traffic, will add half a dozen grace notes, audible only within 50 feet, and then he's tootling for his own entertainment—sort of a one-man jam session. If your ear is sharp, you may notice that some of these grace notes are of slightly different pitch than the two big tones. They won't be loud—if he blows strongly he gets only the two major tones.

Now and then you'll hear—perhaps three blocks away—a single long *tooooooooooooo* as controlled and sustained as a note pouring from the throat of a world-famous singer in an aria at the Opera House.

And the quality of these whistle tones? Probably the most accurate description is that they're flute-like, but sharper. Yet, although sharp, they can't be called piercing, because they are full and round.

All this doesn't explain *why* the whistling is outstanding. To get the answer, I did some investigation. And before it was finished, I was all tangled up in a mystery.

I'M A LOCAL BOY who came back here to live after an absence of many years. I had no evidence that the whistles were unusual except personal conviction. But I realized that they sounded much as they did in my childhood, and it is their lilting song more than anything else which makes me feel welcome in my home town.

I've heard nothing like them anywhere else in the world. And so I decided to investigate.

I began at Wacker and Wells—rather warily, it's true, for fear of falling victim to a wispy sentimentalism—with Michael Doogan, a slim, graying man who has been on the force here for 34 years. One doesn't plunge right into these things. Instead I got Doogan to talk generally about whistling and he warmed up a brogue so rich you could dish it up with a spoon.

"In the old days"—but Doogan says "ould days"—"we had ordhers to whistle two ways for traffic. One long blast for north and south to move, two short blasts for east and west."

Traffic lights made the whistles only a supplement to red-and-green authority. Now, Doogan says, a traffic cop blows as he pleases.

A rapid staccato, however, has always signified one thing: *Everybody stop!* Perhaps a motorist has been singled out for a little individual treatment, in which case a stabbing finger makes it plain who the offender is. A staccato could mean: (1) traffic is all loused up (2) an ambulance or fire engines are about to hustle past (3) the cops are chasing robbers (4) a Very Important Person is going to



photographs by Don Bronstein

sail by with a motorcycle escort. It might mean that a mother cat is leading kittens diagonally across the intersection. (I remember seeing that once in the Loop when I was a child.)

Doogan's whistle is a mottled, cream-and-black cylinder of plastic, about two and one-half inches long. Attached to the end is a metal chain.

"No cork pea in it," I remarked, peering into the air-escape hole.

"Nah," said Doogan. "In the ould days if they came with a pea, we always cuddit out. The traffic bhoys didn't loike the quaver the pea made."

I thanked him and strolled on deep into the Loop, noticing the whistles used by other cops. Some are mottled red-and-white or green-and-white, some pure red. But all are plastic cylinders like Doogan's.

By the time I got to State and Randolph I was more pleased than ever with the sound of the whistling. But I was brought up short: there was policeman Ted Borkstrom, soldierly erect and neatly mustachioed, not using a whistle at all! He was blowing through his teeth. I was about to accuse him of treason, until I noticed that his *whoooooooo-eeeeeee-ooooooo* is a very close approximation of the others I'd heard. So I asked him merely if he *had* a whistle.

But across the intersection a woman started to jaywalk, and he gave her a sort of triple whammy. First he whistled an imperative staccato. She halted and looked guiltily over her shoulder at him. He transfixed her with his official glare, at the same time pointing a gloved index finger at her and snapping his thumb, like an oldtime western marshal perforating a badman. The woman spun around and fluttered back to the curb.

He returned to me, pulling the familiar plastic tube from a pocket. "I have a whistle. Keep it in case I

get a cracked lip. But it's handier to whistle without it. Learned how when I was a kid."

So I moved on, this time to find a hardware store that sells police whistles, to learn the name of the manufacturer.

"Go around the corner on Clark," advised Simon Talty, who was directing traffic at La Salle and Washington. "Cutlery store. They sell the whistles."

In the D. Corrado cutlery store, John J. Kraft politely opened a small box and placed it on the counter. Inside were four Super Traffic-Ace whistles, made by Sports Incorporated, 5501 Broadway. At once an announcement on the box caught my eye: *Will not stick to the lips in cold weather.*

That's important. In the old days more than one rookie went out on his first zero morning and discovered that after one toot the metal whistle had frozen to his lips. Sometimes, before he realized this, he'd jerk the whistle out and rip off a patch of tender lip skin. Whistles of celluloid were tried, but they broke easily, were not loud enough and if touched by flame or

glowing tobacco—*ppfffffft*. When I phoned Sports Inc., I was shunted to the president, Peter von Frantzius, who turned out to be the man who, 17 years ago, designed the whistle used today by local traffic cops.

He explained that celluloid whistles, in addition to breaking rather easily, required too much wind for loud tootling. (In an effort to increase sound, traffic cops were filing the edges of the air-escape holes to enlarge them.) Von Frantzius's plastic whistle was cylindrical as before, but he made it louder by making it bigger.

But now he threw a monkey wrench into the investigation. I had assumed that the whistles are a city exclusive and that outlanders never hear them unless they come to the city. But von Frantzius told me they are sold elsewhere. Offhand, he mentioned St. Louis, Louisville and New York. And later I found they are sold promiscuously everywhere.

There's my mystery. If people just about anywhere can hear these whistles, why are they uniquely ours? Or are they? Is my opinion just sen-

timental nonsense? Or is there perhaps something in the city's air that makes them sound melodious here and nowhere else?

Baffled, I outlined the mystery to James Collins in police personnel. Collins, a big, chestnut-haired young man, is the one who issues equipment to new policemen. A traffic rookie gets one whistle. If he loses it, breaks it or the baby throws it down a drain, he has to buy another—retail price, 55 cents.

"You know," Collins said shrewdly, "There's a lot of talk about these whistles. And we do get all kinds of letters. But I have a theory that it isn't just the whistle—it's how the fellows blow it."

He rummaged in a drawer and came up with two sample whistles. One was an ancient metal thing, cylindrical, but smaller than any I'd seen. The other, which I took in my hand, was a late model of gleaming red plastic.

HE SHOWED ME HOW to hold it, so that the thumb and index finger overlap the air-escape hole.

"Gotta maneuver it," he told me. "Press in, and you get the low tone. Spread your fingers a little and you get the high one."

I braced myself. First I blew it without any finger assistance—the way anyone would blow a whistle.

It was horrible. I got only one tone—a shrill, nerve-shredding, ear-ringing screech, of a ragged, snuffling quality that reminded me of a clarinet with a bad reed. Also, it left me breathless.

Then I tried "maneuvering" it with finger and thumb.

Magic! Out it came: Whoooooo-
ceeece-ooooo.

It was pure and controlled. My fingers slowed up the escaping air and I found I wasn't blowing my lungs out. Moreover, with a little practice, I produced some of the little grace notes of varying pitch. Even the tones I coaxed from the old metal whistle weren't bad. Perhaps these were what I had heard in my childhood in the city. But they were pitched higher and they seemed to lack the color of those from the plastic whistle.

Well, I'm satisfied. The mystery is solved. The whistle is important, all right, but to make music you have to blow it right.

Of course, a couple of other questions pop up. Why don't traffic cops in other cities blow them so they make music? Why don't they get hip and give out with some melody for the folks at home?

I can answer that. Well, sir, it's because they just ain't esthetic like Chicago traffic cops. ■

Readers & Writers

All Things Come . . .

Sir: I have watched in vain since your May issue for something more by James Hamrick, the "Man, This is the End" boy. Each month I buy CHICAGO hoping, but nothing happens. You surely are aware that your fiction for the past few months has not been good. Please let us have more that is fresh and different and also worthy of your promising publication.

RUTH M. SANDS

A Lady's wish being our command, especially if repeated, we are running another story by Hamrick in this issue.

Choosing Sides On Censorship

Sir: It is with the greatest of interest that I read the article "Who Censors our Movies" in the February issue.

The reporting and analysis are excellent in every respect. This is the very first detailed published report on the workings of the Chicago Censor board, to my knowledge, and the subject was handled intelligently.

We who have lived with the motion picture censorship for many years feel that there is room for improvement in the field of censorship, and that a public veil-lifting of the subject will allow for greater intelligent evaluations of motion pictures in the city of Chicago.

I do not consider this article an expose or a direct critical slap at the censors, but rather an evaluation and product of elementary information to the general public.

CHARLES TEITEL,
A. Teitel Film company

Sir: Please accept the enclosed dime as my contribution to a fund to send Norman Calhoun to New York so he may view the "seven out of 1,187" films that were banned in Chicago.

JEAN YOUNG

Sir: By the very clever trick of allowing the censors to talk for themselves and not drawing any conclusions, Mr. Gavzer condemned them most effectively. Give them enough rope . . .

When I was in New York a few months ago I went to see *The Game of Love*, and if this is pornographic or obscene and against "American standards," Lord help the Americans.

Reading the comments of the censors was most enlightening and hilarious. Lord deliver me from the moral-

istic, holier-than-thou prudes, whose intelligence and artistic appreciation is on a par with Bugs Bunny.

MRS. WILMA CASHAU

Sir: Congratulations to the editorial board for their courage in publishing that story on Chicago movie censors. I wish there were a way in which that article could appear in every section of the country.

ARNOLD B. SINGER

Sir: The implication in the reprinted testimony that (Norman Calhoun) gives us, in part, is that only writers, artists, drama critics or movie reviewers are capable of passing judgment on what an audience composed of 99 per cent non-professional people shall see. He failed to state how censorship by a more intellectual group would be of any greater advantage to the general movie-going public. I believe the majority of Chicagoans are quite satisfied with the censorship of Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public as represented by Chicago's present censorship board.

R. Q. SUTON

Sir: The censorship article quotes Sanford I. Wolff as follows: "After all people got rid of burlesque, not the law."

Let's get the record straight on this. Movies killed burlesque by offering the customers so much more exposed female flesh and risque situations and dialogue via their "B" pictures they made burlesque (which merely spoofed sex instead of deifying it) seem boringly innocent by comparison.

JON QUINN

Sir: Our city must have some type of moral code. There are too many young minds which have no moral guidance whatsoever, except for their conscience. Now what is to prevent these young minds from seeing these movies and thinking that the things portrayed are true to everyday life which obviously is not true. This would make a fine mess of American morals, which are already bad enough.

I think it wrong that the people who censor the movies should be attacked. They are only people and people surely can make mistakes. Why not attack some of the higher-ups and leave these poor people alone. As far as I can see, they are doing a very capable job.

If art has to suffer, it is really too bad. But there are so many useless art forms in the city that the censor

ship of one should hardly raise such a fuss.

JOSEPH MAY

We agree with Mr. May that if art has to suffer, it is too bad. We disagree with his opinion that censoring a particular medium is all right if others are left alone. Similarly, we find little comfort in the fact that only seven films were banned (in addition to all those that were distorted by having crucial scenes cut out).

We oppose censorship of art as a matter of principle. If only one film in 10,000 were cut, the issue would be the same. The Constitution does not guarantee trial by jury to 98 per cent of the people who are arrested, but to all of them.

Censorship employs the doctrine of prior restraint, which conflicts with the American principle that a man is innocent until proven guilty. The city has a right to arrest and prosecute anyone for showing an obscene movie, and to send him to jail if it can prove its case. Under the censorship system, however, a picture is banned without any judicial proceeding, and the burden is on the producer to prove that his film is not obscene before he can show it. This has been done in several cases, but it is an expensive procedure and one which delays display of the picture for months or years.

Mr. Sutor's argument would seem to be that the more "common" the tastes of the censors, the more satisfactory their results will be to the general public. Would he also limit publication of books, magazines and newspapers to those which please a majority of the populace? The purpose of the Bill of Rights is to allow communication of the widest possible variety of ideas, not not restrict it to the lowest common denominator of acceptance.

Furthermore, since there has never been a referendum on the subject and since it has never been an issue in an election, there is no evidence that the majority of Chicagoans are pleased with the work of the censor board.

Certainly it cannot be regarded as a bastion of public morals when it repeatedly passes vulgar, sadistic Hollywood films while it bans or mutilates works of art which come from abroad.

The articles were not intended as an attack on the movie censors as people. The censors have undertaken to perform a job for the public, and they have no legitimate objection to a report on how they do that job.

The voluminous transcript of the Game of Love trial was necessarily quoted only in part. Some of the testimony which was omitted is even more outlandish than that which we published.



Contributors

The steel mill photograph on the cover is by Russell V. Hamm, a veteran of the *Tribune* staff.

Gerry Robichaud, who discusses the shadowy career of Bill Balmer, is an editorial writer for the *Sun-Times*, even as he was last month when he appraised the record of the Daley administration.

The aftermath of the Scopes trial is recalled by Clarence Darrow, the greatest lawyer this town ever had, and quite a writer, too.

Sherry Flip was written by James Hamrick, a youthful jazz lover and creator of far-out short stories. His *Man, This Is the End* will be remembered from last May, especially by a lady named Ruth Sands, who has twice written to demand more of Hamrick's work.

Albert and Estera Votaw are a husband and wife team from the South Side. Her knowledge of Slavic languages was indispensable to their study of the foreign radio stations.

The Municipal courts were toured by Alan Whitney, associate editor of *CHICAGO* and a former political writer who has long since been read out of all the parties. Whitney is a former student at four universities and one college, a graduate of none.

After exposing the private weather forecasters of Skokie, Norman Sklarewitz went to Tokyo and took a job with *Stars and Stripes*. Previously he had written articles for *Coronet*, *Esquire* and numerous other magazines.

The author of *The Ticket*, Harry W. Lawton, is a newspaperman in Riverside county, California.

The reasons why our police whistles don't sound like just any old police whistles were investigated by Richard Reynolds, who lives in the Old Town Triangle and works at the *Sun-Times*.

The Onion Patch was not written by Al Weisman or his daughter Penny, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

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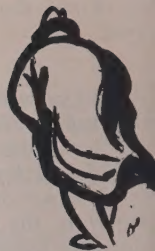
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The Onion Patch



IF THE law of supply and demand is still in effect, two recent incidents would seem to indicate a distressing displacement in the scale of local loyalties. Twelve West, a key club on Maple street, decided to display a large city flag on its facade as a gesture of civic spirit and, of course, a target for any press photographer who might just happen to be in the neighborhood.

When the officers of the club tried to buy the flag, they discovered that none was for sale, and they had to commission a seamstress to make one.

A few nights after the custom-made Chicago flag had been hung, there was a basketball doubleheader at the Stadium. Near the main gate stood a hawker with a whole armful of ready-to-wave pennants for partisans of a team called Eastern Kentucky.

THIS MONTH'S FEARLESS CRUSADE against petty racketeering centers on a cheap practice into which the board of education ought to look. The word "cheap" refers, in this instance, to both taste and economics.

When *The Benny Goodman Story* opened here, Universal-International Pictures invited all high school editors to interview Steve Allen, the star of the film. The first thing that happened when the juvenile journalists got to the press conference was the distribution of brochures describing a contest in which they could participate. A \$25 U.S. Savings bond would be awarded for the best review of the picture run in any of the school papers.

The bond presumably cost the studio \$18.75, and could be expected to produce several inches of space in 30 or 40 papers, a rate of about 50 cents per review. Seldom has so much advertising, masquerading as objective criticism, been conned for so little.

Without seeing the winning entry, it is easy to guess how much chance an unfavorable review would have had to get the prize. Possibly to indicate the direction in which the criticism ought to go, the studio gave each editor what is known in the trade as a "canned" review of the picture.

This confection opened with the statement that, "Hollywood, in tabulating its more notable films, must now add a wonderful new musical biography to its cherished lists—Universal-

International's inspiring Technicolor production, *The Benny Goodman Story* . . ."

It went on to refer to Goodman as "the kid from across the Chicago tracks," a rather ambiguous way of locating anybody's hearth in this well-webbed city, and then swung into this extravagant coda: "Everyone associated in any manner, large or small, with *The Benny Goodman Story* deserves a round of applause from grateful moviegoers."

This really ought to be the last such contest held in our public schools. The duties of the board of education include protecting its students in general from commercial exploitation, and its aspiring journalists in particular from corruption by the fast buck—or fraction thereof.

ONE OF THE MOST salutary snowstorms in the history of this area was the one that, for a couple of days, deterred a Mississippi disk jockey from carrying out his announced intention of showering the city with Confederate flags. This sorry mission was planned in retaliation for the action of a local rotator who had copies of the U. S. Constitution dropped over Mississippi in an effort to educate the white natives there, who are patently ignorant of its content.

The partly frustrated flag lift was described by its sponsors as "all in fun" and "in the right spirit." It is difficult to imagine this evaluation being shared around 47th and South Park, or anywhere else in town where the brotherhood of man is esteemed. But an even more incredible statement was that of the disk jockey when he declared that his intention was to "ease racial tension." He could have done that just as well by flaunting the bloody garments Emmett Till wore on the night he was murdered.

To clear up apparent misconceptions existing in the Confederacy, some facts about the Confederate flag are hereby set forth:

It is not amusing. It is in the wrong spirit. It does not contribute to the alleviation of racial tension. It symbolizes an ideology that is repugnant to loyal Americans. Its display mocks the sacrifices of 400,000 patriots who died to prevent its ascendancy. It is a banner as subversive as the Hammer

and Sickle, and the wavers of both equally deserve the attention of the FBI.

ERRORS IN THE NEWSPAPERS (magazines hardly ever make any) are only mildly intriguing, partly because they occur so frequently and partly because they are inevitable when hundreds of stories are going through several stages of production every day. However, when a newsreel company sends all kinds of equipment out on a story and then projects a mistake on a great big theater screen, it is pretty startling.

That's what Universal-International did not long ago when the building on the site where the Great Fire began was wrecked. The headline for the film sequence said, "Chicago Gets Revenge on Mrs. O'Leary." First a small fluff was made when the commentator averred the land was being cleared for a new expressway. Actually the area will be used for an industrial development. The real goof occurred, though, when it was blandly stated that the building being torn down was the one the O'Learys had lived in. The truth, of course, is that the O'Leary cottage disappeared decades ago, and little revenge could be obtained by wrecking its successor.

WHEN THE SECRETARY of agriculture complimented a magazine on an anti-farmer article which he hadn't read, the *Sun-Times* was editorially distressed. The paper scolded about the "deplorable insincerity of some government officials who are anxious to create for themselves . . . what they consider to be 'good public relations.'" (by indiscriminately praising articles in magazines and newspapers.)

This was the kind of editorial that makes one think. It made one think back to a few months ago, when the *Sun-Times* launched a Sunday supplement called *Midwest*. It made one think of the endless stream of lavish praise for the new section that took whole pages in the "news" section of the *Sun-Times* for several days. It made one think about the motives of the public officials, businessmen and civic leaders who did the lavishing. It even made one think of the possibility that they might have been trying to create good public relations. —A.W.



WE'RE FLATTERED, BUT . . .

We're pleased that PLAYBOY is so popular. In 2½ short years our sophisticated magazine for men has become the largest selling quality priced (50c-or-over) publication on newsstands in the world. We've always considered the art and design of the magazine as important as the editorial content and PLAYBOY has been honored with awards and exhibitions from the New York Art Directors Club, Chicago Art Directors Club, Chicago Artists Guild and Society of Typographic Arts. PLAYBOY's illustrations are popular with the general public, too—a little too popular.

Eighteen illustrations from the magazine were put on exhibition at the Esquire Theater on February 26th. On the 28th, the eight reproduced on this page were removed from their frames by a couple of enthusiastic art lovers and haven't been seen since. We're flattered by such an overt demonstration of the public's interest, but we'd planned on exhibiting this art at other galleries, schools and theaters throughout the country and had rather hoped that two of these illustrations might win us Certificates of Merit in the 35th Annual Exhibition of Advertising and Editorial Art in New York in June. We're appealing, therefore, for any information that will lead to the return of this art. A generous reward is being offered, with absolutely no questions asked. You may phone us at MICHIGAN 2-1000, or write c/o PLAYBOY, 11 Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

Hugh M. Hefner

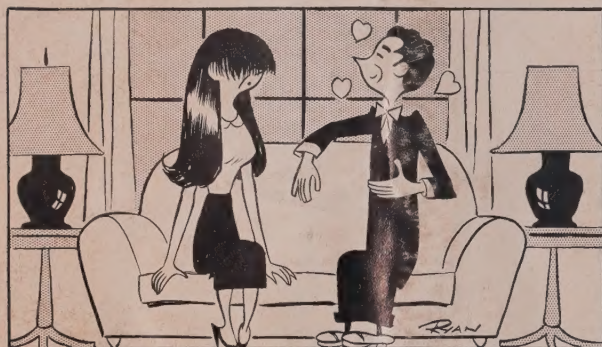
Editor-Publisher PLAYBOY Magazine

The most interesting problems are

Your Problems

BY

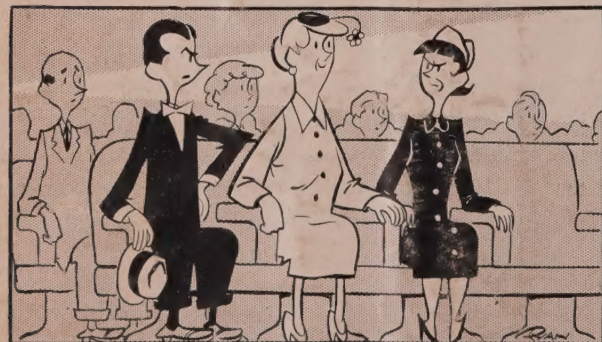
ANN LANDERS



"My fiance insisted I let my hair grow."



"My husband had an argument with my mother."



"The chaperon sits between me and my date."

What can a working wife do to make her "too tired" husband help out with the housework? Should a married man and woman go out together—if they are not married to each other? What is the best way for a high school girl to invite a boy she has never met to a party? Should relatives intervene if a man makes a drudge of his wife—or vice versa?

You'll find dozens of problems like these in "Your Problems" by Ann Landers. You may not agree with all the answers, but you will agree that "Your Problems" makes stimulating, often surprising reading. You may even find advice that applies to a friend, a relative—or yourself! Make it a point to follow this entertaining, helpful column regularly in The SUN-TIMES!

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